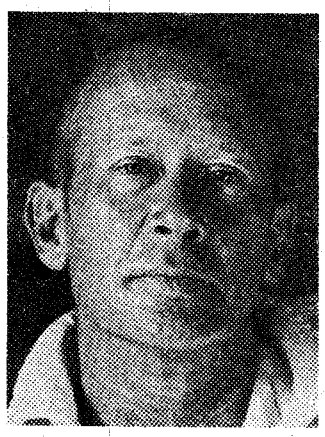
20c • NOVEMBER 2, 1953

LEON KEYSERLING: ECONOMICS OF SURVIVAL

New Republic



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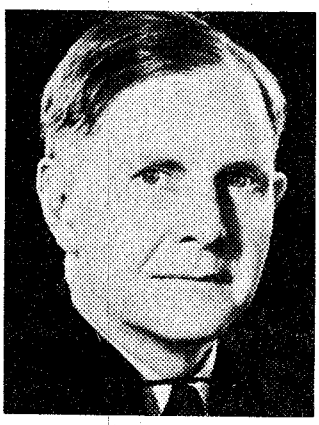

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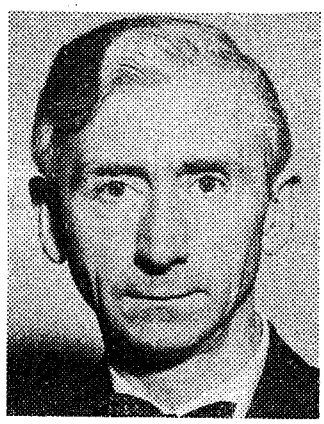

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T. R. B. *Washington Wire*

A Washington visitor was completely nonplussed by discovering the disparaging tone everywhere in the press corps here toward the Eisenhower Administration. Nothing outside, he said, had prepared him for it. He had expected criticism but nothing like this. It was not confined to one party but included Democrats and Republicans; indeed the Fulton Lewis conservative primitives were most savage.

Newspapers send correspondents round the world to report conditions, our friend exclaimed, why don't they deal with this situation? He reported two typical answers: One old-timer recalled coming to Washington in the first year of the Hoover Administration, when the great engineer was still the idol of press and business, to discover that the local press corps which knew the score had written Hoover off as a national calamity and were calmly waiting for the country to catch up. Another correspondent explained, "I figure the national mood will let us start writing realistically about this situation in about six months."

What's the matter with the Administration? Well, this seems to summarize complaints: (a) a naïveté, that thinks simple good will and a new commission will solve complicated controversies without alienating either side; (b) lack of imagination and social philosophy; (c) an alarming big business coloration; (d) a policy of postponement and abnegation of leadership; (e) a reluctant feeling, now approaching certainty, that Ike doesn't know what is going on and perhaps can't be taught. In Ike's first 253 days as President, it is recalled, he spent 43 days relaxing.

Here are recent examples of Creeping Hooverism: Ike picked Clarence Manion, ex-Dean of the Notre Dame Law School, to head the "impartial" commission on Inter-Governmental Relations which will decide what federal activities to jettison in favor of business or state operation. Challenged by Gilbert Harrison, the *New Republic* publisher, from a TV panel, Manion said, "I think TVA should be sold to private business." (Hoover had said the same thing a few weeks ago; Ike likened TVA to "creeping socialism.") Asked if he agreed with Lincoln's declaration that government should do for the people what they can't do for themselves, Manion replied simply, "I do not agree with that." Manion added Ike was acquainted with his views when he appointed him.

Admiral Ben Moreell, chairman of Jones & Laughlin Steel, heads the Hoover subcommittee to recommend the federal government's policy toward water resources, power, reclamation.

Gen. Robert E. Wood, Sears Roebuck chief, heads another Hoover subcommittee, this one to consider disposal of surplus federal property. Wood was an organizer of the old isolationist "America First," is now honorary chairman of a new group "Americans for America," helped organize the Chicago speech rally of McCarthy in the 1952 campaign, is connected with about every ultra-right-wing cause in sight.

Meanwhile McCarthy's man Scott McLeod is winnowing out workers in the State Department and McCarthy's man Robert E. Lee, who participated in McCarthy's Maryland Senatorial hoax campaign (in which a picture of Earl Browder was superimposed to make him appear talking with the victim, former Sen. Millard E. Tydings), has just been named to the Federal Communications Commission. Lee's wife was matron of honor at McCarthy's wedding.

We should expect Republican Congressional candidates to win in the New Jersey and California races November 3, but an upset like Wisconsin's is not impossible. Ike's popularity has come down to a somewhat more realistic level on the Gallup Poll. Here as elsewhere it is the trend that counts, an apparently growing—and reluctant—feeling that Ike is a disappointing leader so far.

A better test than the two Congressional contests may be the election in Connecticut big cities. They have been good trend barometers in times past. Most are now held by Republicans. Almost unnoticed, a few weeks ago Democrats made quite a surprising comeback in several Connecticut village elections.

Our sympathy rather goes out to Ike in the farm crisis. True, he overpromised himself in his Kasson, Minn., Sept. 6, 1952, speech when he said a "fair share" for the farmer "is not merely 90-percent parity—it is full parity." But farm overproduction is a baffling issue. Our impression is that Ike has waited too long to set his own farm policy, and from now on whatever Ike does Congress will insist on taking over and will give farmers about everything they want.

Notes: Every reader should know that a major change is underway in USA defense plans in which, ultimately, atomic weapons will play a paramount new role over conventional weapons; the Administration figures this will save money and is inevitable. . . . It about wipes out the hope of international restriction of such weapons. . . . All through the 1954 campaign the GOP will have to explain to voters why it hasn't balanced the budget; the hope of balance is now virtually gone, and the $275 billion debt limit must be raised.

Russia's new preoccupation with raising domestic living standards is a hopeful sign—it shows the Soviet affected by some of the same forces that demand tax cuts in the USA; in both countries national defense is being modified by demands for greater personal comfort.

Eisenhower and Stassen have killed the original Truman concept of Point Four as a long-range, non-political effort to raise backward countries' living standards; now it's a short-term economy program, tied in with US political and military goals. . . . Ike's theory of himself as a President divorced from partisan politics is at once noble and unrealistic; most politicians here feel he must come to the aid of the GOP in next year's election. . . . Ike's press conference statement that he would do no such thing was emphatic; it scared GOP Chairman Leonard Hall into a quick trip to the White House: Ike had been misunderstood, Hall reported.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Political "Readiustment"

EISENHOWER'S business administration is proving its flexibility. The defeat in Wisconsin and the downturn in the economy brought hurried conferences and deep thinking. The result, some forecasters with direct White House pipelines report, is to be a major policy reversal: a resignation to the continuance of some Fair Deal programs and a turn to "preventive" economics.

The veteran Republican David Lawrence's *US News* sadly announces that:

> An unbalanced budget no longer is regarded officially as frightening. It's almost being taken for granted, as the political climate changes so soon after last November.
>
> What Republican policy makers are learning is this:
>
> Once people become convinced that government can solve their problems, or give them aid in time of trouble, they will insist on that aid.
>
> People, with the vote, will look to government for a guarantee of good times; will tend to be impatient of any adversity, any "adjustment."

Some of the "preventives" the White House has in mind for piecemeal application if needed during the winter are: easier money, with lower reserve requirements for banks, smaller down payments on houses and more loans for repairs; more tax cuts to bolster buying power; continued high price supports for farmers—and air-mail subsidies, ship subsidies and other such aids to business to be continued too; government guarantees for local government bonds to permit states to spend and thus stimulate the flow of money.

The net result, David Lawrence's publication resignedly concludes, is that:

> Government, that was to grow smaller, probably will end up by growing bigger, as it always has in the past. People's demands are insatiable. . . . Welfare state, instead of being narrowed, will be broadened.

Guide Right

After the new Chairman of the Federal Power Commission—Jerome Kuykendall—smiled benignly and murmured "let your conscience be your guide," a group of FPC officials went to a party. The host: J. French Robinson of Cleveland, president of the Consolidated Natural Gas Co.

Consolidated is a holding corporation which controls several utility companies in the North-Central section of the US—among them the Hope Natural Gas Co. of West Virginia. On October 9, the FPC staffers had granted two Hope Company applications for rate increases totalling $3.5 million. The Hope Company (true to its name) immediately applied for an additional increase of $2.1 million. The increases still have to be approved by the Commissioners.

FPCers who went partying included the Chairman of the Division of Rates and of the Division of Gas Certificates, and the Assistant General Counsel for Gas. The Chief of the Bureau of Accounts, Finance and Rates, however, was out of step; he felt he shouldn't go and didn't.

The GOP and the Indians

IN ITS ZEAL for transferring responsibility to the states, the new Administration is trying to administer Indian affairs by revoking federal protections. President Eisenhower recently signed a bill—Public Law 280—opening the way for state civil and criminal control over Indian communities regardless of local conditions. One other Republican-sponsored bill would end "as quickly as possible" individual trust protection and federal services to Indians. Another would liquidate all tribal organizations and dispose of their assets within three years. Still another threatens the rights of Alaskan Indians and natives to their lands and waters.

The Association on American Indian Affairs charges that the Department of Interior and the Congress are ignoring the "tragic history" of state and local discrimination against Indians. This "abandonment" of legal responsibility, says the Association, has produced "a crisis more acute than any that has faced the Indians in our time," and "repudiates the promises of a century."

Meanwhile, angry citizens in North Dakota told US Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Glenn L. Emmons, that Indian children are dying in "concentration camp" conditions at the Turtle Mountain Reservation.

The Diminishing Fifth

THE INDIVIDUAL'S privilege against self-incrimination, protected by the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, is slowly contracting under the impact of Congressional investigating committees and the Eisenhower Administration. The two latest thrusts at the privilege come from the White House and Attorney-General Brownell.

The President has ordered that the security program for federal employees be amended so as to permit action against those employees who refuse, "upon the ground of constitutional privilege against self-incrimination, to testify before a Congressional committee regarding charges of his alleged disloyalty or other misconduct." Federal employees are thus threatened with dismissal and disgrace for daring to exercise publicly their constitutional privilege not to be witnesses against themselves, although there has been no indication that an appreciable number of such employees had asserted this privilege and retained their position on the public payroll.

A more fundamental assault came from Brownell, who announced that he would ask Congress for a law that would strip witnesses appearing before Congressional committees of their privilege against self-incrimination by granting them complete immunity from prosecution, provided the immunity was approved by the Attorney-General. Witnesses could then be compelled to an-

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swer all questions on threat of contempt action. Two similar proposals are presently pending before Congress, one of which, the McCarran bill, has already passed the Senate. Bitter debate has been stirred by those proposals and will be augmented by the Brownell proposal.

The Dollar

A check of big cities across the nation reveals that money is a little harder to get. In some areas, failures to meet payments on consumer and personal loans is at a postwar high. And repossessions are way above last year's figures.

The explanation most often given: loss of over-time pay. The majority of those in trouble are factory workers paid by the hour.

Banks and loan companies are getting tough. Delinquencies are followed up very quickly and loan-application standards have been stiffened. Some lenders are rejecting 80 percent of all applications; six months ago the rate was 50 percent. No one admits to being worried yet, but the lenders expect the rise to continue.

Now the Unions

THERE is an Eisenhower anti-union drive as well as an Eisenhower drive against public power and against farm supports. The instrument, in the case of unions, is Guy Farmer, new chairman of the National Labor Relations Board.

Farmer disclosed his hand when in a series of decisions, a few weeks ago, he filed dissents in cases involving long-established NLRB precedents. He scoffed at the idea that the federal government should protect the right of collective bargaining for workers in what he called "small" firms. He was in the minority then, before Democrats stepped off the board, but now he is a member of the majority. The board today consists of three Republicans and one Democrat, and only one member, oddly enough the Republican Ivar Peterson, sharply disagrees with Farmer's philosophy. A fifth member who agrees with Farmer, one may be sure, will be appointed.

Farmer told a group of business editors in Washington last week that he frankly did not intend to follow precedents "when they are wrong." He asserted that out of 14,000 NLRB cases last year more than 1,400 were "small," and therefore should not have been accepted by the national board.

The meaning of this is clarified by returning to the statement of another NLRB appointee of Eisenhower's, who declared as he was sworn in that the Taft-Hartley law should be more strictly enforced than it has been in the past. Any board member who tries to enforce the "intent" of the 80th Congress will necessarily be rather grim toward unions.

Neither Farmer nor his new GOP colleagues has a comprehension of the 125-year-old Jacksonian idea that the federal government sometimes is the most effective American instrument of social justice, the defender of even the smallest unit of our society. Neither does Ike.

Another Roosevelt?

ANOTHER Roosevelt may be elected Governor of New York next year as a result of the disintegration of Eisenhower-Dewey prestige and the startling recovery of Northern New Dealers from their 1952 defeat. Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. has his eyes on the statehouse in Albany—and much depends on whether the usually reliable *New York Daily News* poll is right in indicating a landslide victory for Robert F. Wagner Jr. in New York City's mayoralty election November 3.

Governor Dewey is in deep trouble. The Republican Party in New York as well as New Jersey is splattered with racketeer-racetrack mud—and respectable newspapers are now editorially demanding that Republicans resign from influential positions. Mr. Eisenhower's personal standing, although still high, is slipping, and election results in Wisconsin and Connecticut suggest that in any case his prestige is non-transferable. GOP candidates for Congress and for municipal offices get a stony reception when they ask the voters to support them on an "I'm-for-Ike" platform.

New Dealers, on the other hand, are riding high in the North. Wagner's victory in the New York City Democratic primary smashed the schemes of James A. Farley to make a comeback as party kingmaker. If Wagner is elected, the liberal element in the Democratic Party will be encouraged to start an all-out drive for the statehouse.

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There is talk that Averell Harriman, who pitched in brilliantly to beat back the Farley drive in the primary, would like the New York Governorship himself. But Harriman will be 63 next month; young Roosevelt is only 38; and Harriman has no place to go after the Governorship. The New Dealers, having reasserted control of the New York Democratic Party, are not likely to tear themselves apart in fratricidal strife. Liberal Democrats all through the North are determined to make sure that their tradition continues in the national party.

If Wagner wins New York City, FDR Jr. is likely to have his chance at Albany, from which his father leaped to four terms in the White House. What he makes of the opportunity will depend on his own demonstration of political character, dependability and integrity, as a campaigner and at present a member of Congress.

While Chancellor Adenauer Rested

WHILE CONRAD ADENAUER rested in his Black Forest retreat, his supporters in the trade unions, the government and the incipient armed forces moved quickly to assert new powers.

The first group to move was the "left-wing" of the Christian Democratic amalgam, led by Jacob Kaiser and Karl Arnold. These men helped found the unified German Trade Union Federation which has grown to 6.2 million members since 1945. The unions spent two million Deutsch Marks in political activity this year; using this fund as an excuse, Kaiser and Arnold presented eight demands to the Federation leadership. Representing 10 percent of the union membership, they claimed five of the twelve seats in the Federation's executive committee, half the representation on union courts and committees, and authorization to organize a "Christian" political movement within the Federation.

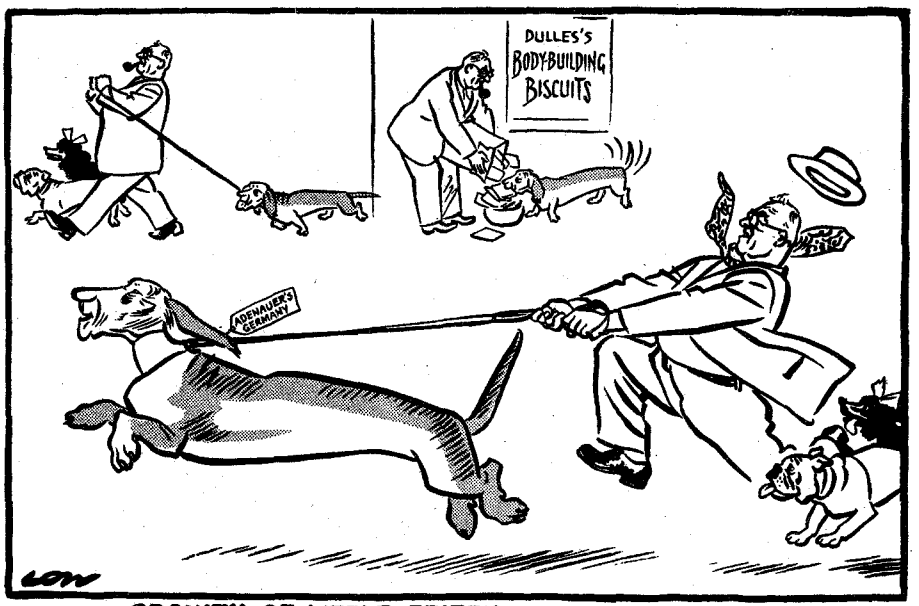
The second dramatic claim for power came from within. The Chancellor's own State Secretary, and Hans Globke, its executive director, are ambitious men. Old-time professional civil servants who worked together in the Prussian Justice Ministry in the late 20's, they entered the service of the Reich under Hitler. Lenz was thrown out by the Nazis in 1938 and later joined the men who engineered the July, 1944, plot. Globke remained in Hitler's service till the end, but was cleared by Allied denazification courts.

Lenz and Globke proposed to create an Information Ministry which would co-ordinate and handle all government propaganda, give assistance to the press and radio, and efficiently accomplish any number of other innocuous-sounding tasks. German journalists, who have been fighting a variety of "press control" proposals for some time, blew up. Even conservative newspapers hit into the plan, comparing it with Joseph Goebbel's wonderfully efficient model. In an emergency meeting, German journalists at Bonn overwhelmingly adopted a protest declaring the proposal a threat to freedom of the press.

A third drive for greater power centered in the so-far reticent officials and generals in the Blank Office, nucleus of Germany's Ministry of Defense. Theodore Blank, the bullet-head, stocky ex-lieutenant commissioned to assemble a group of enlightened generals, gave the Associated Press a story strongly suggesting that a law legalizing the formation of a 100,000-man military cadre would be the very first item on the Bundestag agenda. The story pointedly ignored the fact that the European Army has not yet been ratified, and scantily discussed various safeguards democratic politicians want to prevent re-emergence of the "Kommiss," the ruthless old Army elan.

At the moment all three moves have been stalled. And many Bonn officials discovered that the victory had encouraged them to go just a little too far. A spokesman for Adenauer had to assure the *London Times* that when Adenauer spoke of liberation in relation to East Germany in his first post-election speech, he was not using the word "in the same sense in which it is used by Mr. Dulles." Heinrich von Brentano, the CDU "majority leader," had to acknowledge that he was not going to be Foreign Minister, despite his prior hints. Otto Lenz himself put out no statement, but a declaration from Adenauer that he had never considered setting up an Information Ministry made it unnecessary. Anticipating a similar rebuke, the Blank Office put out its own denial the day after the AP story appeared. Of course, it said, the law forming a cadre could "not go into effect" until after ratification of the EDC treaty.

Even the unions, which make no bones about their fear of Adenauer's paternalism and the claims of the Church, seem to have won a victory. The demands of the Adenauer officials found no echo among the ranks of Christian unionists still active in the Federation. All 10 of their representatives in the Unions' Council voted with their colleagues not to consider the eight demands. The foreign press and statements by George Meany and Victor Reuther helped to solidify their position. Even the German employers' association have given no support to the movement, nor to parallel demands for a law curbing the right to strike.



GROWTH OF LITTLE FRITZY—A CAUTIONARY CARTOON

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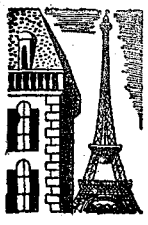
Paris Dispatch: THE STORY OF GIUSEPPE PELLA

A red-headed, red-faced peasant boy who rather less than a half-century ago worked in grim poverty on a tiny farm in the Piedmont—Italy's equivalent of New England—has grown up to be the competent, cultivated statesman who now heads the government of the Italian Republic. If the life story of Giuseppe Pella were typical in Italy or in any of the Mediterranean countries—which are Europe's Deep South marked even now by a feudalism the US has never known—the problem of combatting Western European Communism would be far closer to a successful conclusion than it is. Unfortunately Pella's story is still the rare exception, not only in the Mediterranean and Balkan areas but pretty much everywhere in Western Europe.

The new Italian premier is the living symbol and example of those changes in Old World social practices and prejudices that the enormous generosity of the Americans has not yet achieved. The Europeans, including those who pride themselves on being citizens, fellow-citizens with the Americans, of the free world are responsible. And it is they, therefore, who are responsible for the Communism they fear and hate.

Premier Pella is a typical rags-to-riches farm-to-fame Horatio Alger hero. Or rather he would be typical if he were an American. But Europe has never had—and does not yet have—an equivalent of the tradition of the self-made man which has been so long and so deeply established in every walk of American life as to have contributed greatly to the making of America.



Pella is the first man in the history of his country to have begun life as a son of peasants living and working in direct poverty and to have nevertheless reached the very top of the political ladder. His father was a share-cropper of a few acres of land in the village of Valdengo in the province of Vercelli. As soon as Giuseppe—then known as Giuspin—was able to toddle, he began to help; as he grew older, he worked harder, and yet there often wasn't enough to eat.

His parents, though needing Giuspin on the farm, believed—as New Englanders do—in education. At the cost of great sacrifices, they found the means and the time to let him get some elementary schooling. When he was 10 years old, his teacher told them that he was uncommonly bright—if he could attend a technical school, he might even reach the eminence of being an accountant. Father and Mother Pella made even greater sacrifices: they gave up their land, going to work as laborers in a textile factory, the Father at night, the Mother during the days. Giuspin worked both by day and by night at his studies, the peasant boy became a bookkeeper, and that was the first step upward.

As a bookkeeper, Pella found a job in a textile factory in Andorno, some distance from Beilla where he was living and studying. To put away money for further schooling, he walked many miles to work morning and evening. After several years he was able to take the next step: he entered Turin University where he earned a degree in economic science. By the time he had reached the age of 30, always dividing his time between hard study and equally hard work, he was a consultant to some of the most important textile mills in northern Italy.

Social climbing was entirely outside his desires—he remained the son of a peasant and made no bones about it. Politics interested him little and it was only under pressure that he finally, in 1933, consented to become a member of the Fascist Party—it was impossible to do otherwise and continue his work. His only service to (or rather, under) the regime was to act for a year, in 1935, as deputy-mayor of Biella; and what he did was to put the city's finances on a good, businesslike basis. But, earlier, during the college years at Turin, he had on the request of the Salesian Fathers founded a Catholic club, along with some of his college friends. After the war, he reluctantly agreed to the suggestion of the Bishop of Biella that he enter politics as a candidate of Alcide de Gasperi's Christian Democratic Party, first for the Biella town council, then for the national assembly that drew up the Italian Constitution.

By then he was already a rich man. The textile industry, riding the postwar boom, paid its advisers well. The never-ending study and work of the peasant boy paid off as it does so often in US business, but so seldom in a Europe where big business as well as government is still strongly influenced by social prejudices.

Pella's first big political chance was literally forced on him. In September, 1946, on behalf of the Christian Democratic Party, he successfully acted as umpire in a serious quarrel between supporters in the government of free enterprise and backers of a planned economy. His total lack of political rhetoric and bombast, his skill in setting forth ideas simply and clearly impressed Luigi Einaudi, the grand-old-man of Italy's economists, who was then a member of the government. Thanks to Einaudi, Pella was made an under-secretary in the cabinet, then the Minister of Finance; and when Einaudi left politics to become President of the Republic, he suggested to de Gasperi that his role as guide and mentor of the national economy could be taken over only by Pella.

Since then Pella has served as Italy's representative on many international committees, and has won not only a world reputation but also skill in dealing with world problems. There were men in his party—men more influential and socially acceptable—who disagreed with the "Pella line" which was largely responsible for keeping the Italian lira firm and staving off inflation. He was forced to resign, but then he was also forced to come back. Now, at the head of a "bookkeeping" government which is supposed to last only as a stop-gap, but which daily gives signs of being more permanent, he is still the optimist about Italy's and the free world's future that he was about his own future many years ago. He is one of the few Western Europeans who believes, on the basis of personal experience, that class lines can be crossed and that class war can be lessened in such a way as to remove the appeal of the Communists to the peasants and workers of his and other not-yet-defeudalized European countries.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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A JOURNAL OF OPINION New Republic

Editorial: The Best Men For The Job

TWO DOZEN or more—the number grows—Eisenhower commissions are now seeking facts. Once found, the facts are to be analyzed, then pondered. Only after careful thought will these commissions recommend national policies on matters ranging from foreign trade to airport rules.

That is the picture as it is conjured. In reality, both the leadership and the membership of the major commissions make any such process all but impossible. As presently composed, these "fact-finding" groups can do only one thing: make reports justifying changes already decided on.

Many of our Presidents have used commissions to help unknot complex problems. Some have used them to draw public support to an idea. But not until Eisenhower and his Crusaders were commissions used on a vast scale to support the pretense that decisions already taken were yet to be taken.

Three of the most important Eisenhower commissions got to work this month, those on Inter-Governmental Relations, Government Reorganization and Housing Policies. All three have been carefully and heavily weighted on the side of extreme conservatism. Yet they are presented as councils of men dedicated to the common good, untouched by partisan considerations.

The Presidential Commission on Inter-Governmental Relationships is to determine "with prudence and foresight" if federal programs affecting social security, health, education and the development of natural resources should be turned over to the states.

Of the 25 members, three are Administration officials who can be counted on to support the Administration's credo: "We charge that they [the Democrats] have arrogantly deprived our citizens of precious liberties by seizing powers never granted . . . that they work unceasingly to achieve their goal of national socialism."

Five are Senators, of whom only one—Humphrey (D, Minn.)—approves the social gains of the past 20 years and the means by which they were achieved. The other four—Hendrickson (R, N.J.), Schoeppel (R, Kan.), Cordon (R, Oreg.) and Hoey (D, N.C.)—have demonstrated in voting records and public pronouncements either strict adherence to Republican doctrine, extreme conservatism or an inflexible "states-rights" philosophy.

Of the five Congressmen, only two—Dingell (D, Mich.) and Hays (D, Ark.)—have shown any flexibility of thinking on major issues.

Four Governors will contribute to the commission's report: Driscoll of New Jersey, Thornton of Colorado, Shivers of Texas, and Battle of Virginia—two Republicans; two fanatic Dixiecrats. They are supported by Sam H. Jones, ex-Governor of Louisiana and founder of the Dixiecrat movement; Charles Henderson, Republican mayor of Youngstown, Ohio; and Alice K. Leopold, Republican Secretary of State of Connecticut.

Of the four laymen, one—William Anderson, professor of Political Science, University of Minnesota—is discernibly a liberal. Another—John E. Burton, vice-president, Cornell University—is an outspoken foe of "federal encroachment."

The score: 18 Republicans and "states-righters," 4 supporters of the policies of the past 20 years, and two possible neutrals.

This group will conduct its non-partisan examination into the question of the proper role for the federal government under the leadership of Chairman Clarence E. Manion, former Dean of the Notre Dame Law School.

Dean Manion, recommended for Secretary of Labor in 1952 by Senator Taft, is the object of frequent praise from Colonel McCormick's newspapers. Now an avowed admirer of Senators McCarthy and Jenner, Manion was an active member of the America First movement in the early 1940s. The opinions he brings to this particular job were revealed on a recent televised discussion on the topic: "Does the federal government have too much power?"

Dean Manion commented: "There are many powers which in my judgment could be and should be referred to the states . . . running from social security to unemployment compensation and school lunches, aid to the blind and the maimed and to education and to roads and all that. . . . "

A member of the panel asked, "I wonder if you agree with my favorite Republican of all time that a government should do for the people that which they cannot do for themselves or that which they cannot do so well for themselves? I refer, of course, to Abraham Lincoln."

MANION: "No, I don't agree with that."

PANEL MEMBER: "Do you agree that the test should be . . . whether or not it is necessary for the federal government to take certain action in order to protect and to advance the general welfare of all the people, do the greatest good for the greatest number?"

MANION: "No, I don't."

PANEL MEMBER: "Would you agree that there's no one but the federal government large enough to do certain things which have been done during this last 20 years."

MANION: "No."

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PANEL MEMBER: "With respect to specific activities. One, the TVA."

MANION: "I think the TVA should be sold to private business."

PANEL MEMBER: "Do you think private business would have built the TVA projects in the first place?"

MANION: "Well, I don't think the federal government should have built the TVA projects in the first place."

The danger of centralizing vast power in the state concerns every man and woman who has considered the events of this century. And the puzzle of how to deal effectively with ever more complex economic and social problems while avoiding the pulverization of individual liberty and dignity deserves study—very careful objective study. But does this commission promise such a study or merely the further codification of an old, over-simple doctrine?

HERBERT HOOVER heads the Commission on Governmental Reorganization. Harry Truman formed a Hoover Commission, restricted to examining efficiency in government. But the present commission of 11 is concerned with policy, and it is empowered to recommend specific legislation to the Congress concerning such government activities as public power and lending. Mr. Hoover's general philosophy seems not to have changed very much since it was judged inadequate in 1932. That it will be reflected in the forthcoming recommendation seems guaranteed by the membership of his commission. Rep. Chet Holifield (D, Calif.) is the lone liberal. Other members from Congress are Sen. Homer Ferguson (R, Mich.), Sen. John L. McClellan (D, Ark.) and Rep. Clarence Brown (R, Ohio), conservatives all. Attorney-General Herbert Brownell and Defense Mobilization Director Arthur Flemming represent the Administration.

James A. Farley and Joseph P. Kennedy will assist with the deliberations. Sidney Mitchell, director, American Gas and Electric Company, and Solomon Hollister, the conservative Dean of Engineering of Cornell, are expected to support Mr. Hoover in all things.

Hoover has designated "task forces" within the committee to deal with specific items. And to guard further against the threat posed by Rep. Holifield, he has gone outside the commission for "task force" leaders. So far he has chosen two. Sears Roebuck chief, Gen. Robert E. Wood, a man identified with virtually every reactionary political movement in this generation will guide the group which is to recommend on disposal of federal surplus property. Adm. Ben Moreell, recently President of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Co., will lead another group which is to "examine and recommend on federal activities in the water resources and power fields."

These men will be aided by a staff under the direction of John Hollister, former Republican Congressman from Cincinnati, Ohio, a law partner of the late Senator Taft, and a director in 19 corporations.

While the gentlemen of the commission seek to form objective opinions, Mr. Hoover has been calling for the sale of TVA to private companies, and recommending that Eisenhower take the federal government "out of the business of generating and distributing electric power as soon as possible."

Albert M. Cole, Chairman of the Commission on Government Housing Policies, is a Republican ex-Representative from Kansas—defeated the year Eisenhower won—who consistently fought public housing throughout his term in Congress. His commission is to determine "what role the federal government should take in meeting the nation's housing needs." It has 21 members: 10 officers of banks and lending institutions, five operators of real estate and building businesses, two architects, two representatives of labor, and one representative of a municipal housing authority who, presumably, is to speak for all civic, professional, church, research and planning agencies.

This last, Ernest J. Bohn, Director of the Cleveland Metropolitan Housing Authority, is a member of the Executive Committee of the Commission. The other three members are Rodney Lockwood, past-president of the National Association of Home Builders and leader of the anti-public housing lobby; Aksel Nielsen, past-president of the Mortgage Bankers Association, a personal friend of Eisenhower and a violent foe of public-housing; and George L. Bliss, an active member of the US Savings and Loan League which fights public housing at every turn.

Other dignitaries on the commission: R. G. Hughes, first vice-president, National Association of Home Builders; Bruce Savage, former director National Association of Real Estate Boards, another organization violently opposed to public housing; and Alexander Summer, past president, National Association of Real Estate Boards.

THE QUESTION here is not whether we approve of Eisenhower's plans. Nor is it whether we agree with the ideas expressed by the men he has appointed to these commissions. The question is simply can these men do what we are told by the President they will do; objectively study problems of great complexity so as to arrive at more-informed, more-inclusive solutions than those we now have.

Was there ever any intention that they should?

We all have become familiar with the man on the television screen who appears wearing not a business suit but a white smock. He intones words which suggest laboratories, test tubes, a battery of scientific measuring devices, and the careful checking and re-checking of results. Then he declares that a certain cigarette, which he holds up with reverence, not only will not cause cancer of the lung but will actually prevent it—even unto the third generation. Just there the viewer turns away with a weary smile. These, after all, are the methods of salesmen.

But when they become the methods of government, they somehow suggest decay.

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The Economics of Survival

Can the US finance continental defense and grow and prosper at the same time?

by Leon H. Keyserling

THERE NOW rages a controversy as to how fast and how comprehensively we should build our continental defenses against sudden attack, although the President of the United States has recently declared that the Russians now have the capability to launch such an attack and that their capabilities will rapidly increase. The experts with respect to continental defense may well have differences of opinion as to the most desirable nature of such defenses and as to the degree of their effectiveness at best. But the current confusion in the public mind on this subject does not stem primarily from this kind of disagreement among the experts. It stems rather from a widespread and false assumption that we cannot afford large expansion of this type of defense without a sacrifice of sufficiency in the size and caliber of our deterrent striking forces.

This fallacious assumption puts on opposite sides of the fence, and engages in bitter controversy, those experts who are concerned with deterrent striking forces and those experts who are concerned with continental defense. To be sure, even under the best of circumstances, there would be some hard-to-resolve differences between these two groups. But the current unmanageable and confusing and dangerous character of the current differences exists largely because both sides are following the false premise that our economy cannot afford, or would be weakened by, the development of both types of defense in the amounts which all the experts in all fields would agree upon as the minimum safe necessity if they were not bedeviled by the economic nonsense that the United States cannot afford to do what we *must* afford to do.

Until this economic fallacy is revealed in all its stark nakedness and relegated to the oblivion which it deserves, there can never be anything but confusion on the subject of national defense in particular and economic policy in general in these perilous times.

At its worst, the stubborn adherence to this dangerous economic fallacy is tied in with political commitments to reduce expenditures, to reduce taxes, and to balance the budget. Yet I cannot for a moment believe that President Eisenhower would not discard these political commitments with abandon, if the full truth were brought home to him that they rest upon an economic fallacy. Unhappily, the difficulty goes deeper than mere political commitments. The erroneous belief is sincerely held by many men that we must tailor our defense outlays, not to the true requirements of national security, but rather to the fancied requirements of an economy which is far stronger than they realize and which has a productive potential beyond the range of their vision. While these mistaken notions about the relationship between the national defense and the national economy existed in some parts of the past Administration as well as in some parts of the current Administration, there is less excuse for them now, because in mid-1950 there were only a few who could correctly foresee the enormous productive potential of the American economy, while today the few who foresaw it have been vindicated by actual developments.

I emphasize this example only because we should all realize that arriving at the best attainable answer with respect to our national security policies, which can be done only in the context of sound economic thinking and sensible economic policies and programs, is infinitely the greatest problem confronting us as a nation. If we get the best possible answer in this matter, there can be no doubt that the American economy despite some ups and downs will continue its timeless progress. But if we get the worst possible answer on this question, or even a poor answer, neither a prosperous economy nor lower taxes nor a balanced budget will avail us anything in the long run.

Mindful of these considerations, I advance these propositions:

1. Due to increases in national output since the Korean outbreak, our economy is much stronger in all important respects than it was in 1950, despite a much heavier defense burden. It is stronger although the federal deficit is much bigger, and it is less threatened by inflation, which was supposed by some to be the terrible danger of a big and sustained defense burden.

2. The nation now has the economic potential, with-

Leon H. Keyserling, now a consulting economist and attorney, was Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers from 1950 to 1953, and Vice Chairman from 1946 to 1950. His article is taken from a paper delivered to the CIO Conference on Taxation, October 16.

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out excessive strain or undue controls, to lift its annual output year by year, more rapidly than any increases in defense outlays proposed by any responsible experts in this field. Consequently, the nation is able—insofar as security needs dictate—to undertake any responsibly proposed defense program, and at the same time further to increase its economic strength.

3. Under conditions now pertaining and foreseeable in the American economy, current and foreseeable tax revenues should be adjusted to the level of public spending required to support the national security and to advance the economic well-being and promote the continuous growth of the economy, instead of public spending being adjusted to current and foreseeable or desirable tax revenues.

The assertion by some of us in mid-1950 that an all-out program of expanding production would be the best way to meet a rapidly increasing defense burden was regarded as heresy by many. But those who came to scoff have remained to pray.

MEASURED in uniform prices, our total gross national product, which was at an annual rate of about $300 billion in the first half of 1950, has risen to an annual rate of close to $375 billion now. This gain of about $75 billion in our annual rate of production has enormously exceeded the rise in public outlays resulting from the defense program. Total government purchases of goods and services—federal, state and local—measured in the same uniform prices, have risen from an annual rate of about $45 billion in the first half of 1950 to an annual rate of about $82 billion now, an increase of only about $37 billion, or not much more than half of the increase in our annual national product during the same period of time. In consequence, despite the huge diversion of a large part of the nation's productive resources to security purposes, there has been far more left over than in mid-1950, not only for consumption but also for an enormous expansion of our productive facilities. On all scores, our economic strength has increased at a very heartening rate, despite the defense program.

It is true that the nation underwent a period of rapid inflation in late 1950 and early 1951. Perhaps different types of programs might have contained this inflation better during the early months of the defense program. But looking at the economy as it is now, hardly anybody can be found who will say that the spurt of inflation did us harm comparable to the enormous economic gains registered since mid-1950. In any event, we have had a remarkably stable price level since early 1951, thus refuting the idea held by many a few years ago that full employment and full production are necessarily inflationary.

If we should be confronted by a new emergency, calling for as rapid a spurt in our defense efforts and in the building of our productive facilities as took place shortly after the Korean outbreak, we would have to find better ways of checking price increases than we did at that time. But there is no reason to suppose that the maintenance of full employment and full production during the next few years, which means continuous expansion as technology and population increase, would have substantial inflationary consequences measured against the real economic gains, even if there should be a substantial but not an extreme increase in the defense program. Therefore, the most unassailable of all economic propositions is that we should now and in the years ahead bend every energy toward maintaining full employment and full production.

Without the forced pressures of a full war economy, and without the use of direct controls, we have the resources, the technology and science, the business brains and labor skills, and the growing population, to lift the annual rate of our national product from the current level of about $375 billion to close to $500 billion by 1960. It is perfectly palpable that, if we succeed fairly well in this effort, our economy can grow much stronger year by year, even if the requirements of national security should lead us to increased defense outlays by the highest amounts proposed by any responsible experts.

Indeed, the fact that our productive potential at an annual rate is due to increase by close to $125 billion within seven years means that we shall be challenged to find ways to utilize all of our economic resources intelligently, instead of letting them lie idle, even if public outlays at an annual rate should rise 10 or 20 or more billion dollars above current levels. Even at the $20 billion figure, we would still by 1960 have to expand consumption and business investment enough to absorb about $100 billion more per annum than currently.

The argument is advanced by some people that we certainly have the economic resources and the productive strength to fulfill the obligations which the world situation thrusts upon us, but that we do not have the fiscal strength to do so. This argument runs along the line that the basic test of our economic position is to be found in the condition of the Federal Budget rather than in the condition of the national economy. It is argued that a few more years of deficits, and an enlargement of the national debt, would bring us to ultimate ruin even if we maintained full employment and full production and constantly enlarged our national product.

The facts are that, since World War II, the fiscal affairs of the federal government have been managed on a very prudent basis, in terms of the relationship between expenditures and receipts. During the fiscal years from 1947 through 1953, and including the current Treasury estimate for the fiscal year 1954, the government for the eight years as a whole will have achieved a surplus of receipts over expenditures in the neighborhood of $13 billion by the consolidated cash method of accounting which most economists and businessmen agree is the most valid method of accounting for purposes of economic analysis. Even under the conventional budget method of accounting, the federal government for these eight years will have run a deficit of only about $10

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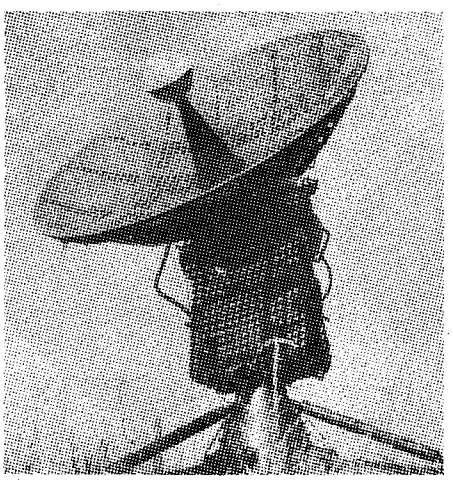
billion, which amounts to only about one-third of one percent of our national output during these eight years.

We must learn to look at the Federal Budget in the framework of the whole economy. If we should experience in calendar 1954 even the kind of moderate economic recession that some people are talking about as inevitable, our total national output in 1954 could be $40 to $60 billion lower than if we maintain full employment and full production. This $40 to $60 billion would represent a real and irretrievable loss to the whole nation and to all the people. Just by way of adding to the perspective, if $5 or $10 billion of increased outlays next year for continental defense were to mean the difference between this "moderate recession" and the maintenance of full prosperity, it is clear beyond question that we would be economically better off with this continental defense than without it—even if it meant a larger federal deficit. Besides, if we had a drop of $40 to $60 billion in our national output next year, tax reduction would be inescapable, many types of public expenditures would necessarily rise, and the federal deficit — even if defense spending should level off or be reduced — would be greater than the federal deficit would be if 1954 is a fully prosperous year and even if defense spending is decreased.



CONTINENTAL RADAR DEFENSE

Looking further ahead, if we follow those policies which help to lift our annual national output to near $500 billion by 1960, and if through building our strength we can avoid a total war, the condition of the Federal Budget over these seven years ahead is going to be very good indeed under any foreseeable levels of expenditures and taxes. Whether there is a federal surplus averaging less than $5 billion a year during these seven years, or a federal deficit averaging less than $5 billion a year during these seven years is not a large enough question to justify us in shrinking from vastly more important tasks and responsibilities.

On the expenditure side, it is my belief that expenditures for purposes other than national defense are now near an irreducible minimum, and that some types of prime resource development might even be increased somewhat to provide a more ample base for national growth. With respect to defense expenditures, I am not an expert and have never claimed the ability to judge what they ought to be. But if the expert opinion is that they should be considerably higher than they now are, particularly with reference to improved continental defense, then I insist that we have the economic strength to do this and to grow and prosper at the same time.

If defense expenditures should be substantially increased, it would seem to me desirable to adopt legislation bringing the tax structure into line with what it now is, instead of allowing to remain in force the tax reductions scheduled for early next year. Somebody might devise a better tax structure than we now have, but the experience of recent years has shown that it works fairly well, and the controversies attendant upon extensive tax revision might distract us from more important problems. However, I think that the excess-profits tax should be allowed to die, because it tends to restrict productive advance. To obtain more revenues if defense expenditures should be increased, renewed and more vigorous efforts should be made to close tax loopholes. In view of the likely economic situation next year, unless defense expenditures were to be increased by many billions of dollars, I would doubt the desirability of trying to increase the tax burden in the aggregate, because this would do more harm to economic progress than it would do good by balancing the budget. Even if defense outlays should increase so greatly as to make some tax increases essential, I would not favor a comprehensive sales tax either at the manufacturers' level or at the retail level, because it is not a fair kind of tax, and because it would repress consumption. Even if there should be a quite large increase in defense outlays, consumption probably needs to be stimulated if the economy is to continue to advance.

On the other hand, if defense outlays should level off or be reduced, in accord with current plans, there will be need for an enormous expansion of consumption to maintain growth in a healthy economy. Under these circumstances, the tax reduction scheduled for early next year should be allowed to remain in force, and the next priority should be a lightening of the tax burden on low income families, either through a raising of the exemptions or in some other way. If signs of an economic recession should become more pronounced, further tax relief should be granted to reactivate the economy, but I do not think that this should be done precipitately because it seems to me that the longer-range economic trends are still very strong.

Most important of all, we should not get into such a bog on the subject of taxation or budgetary policy that we neglect our supreme task. That supreme task is to place ourselves in a better position to negotiate toward peace by improving our defenses against sudden attack and by continuing to build our deterrent striking forces. In the accomplishment of this supreme task, our basic economic policy should be directed toward maintaining maximum employment and production, for only by increasing our output every year can we with increasing ease carry the heavy burdens thrust upon us by the international situation.

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Pioneering to Tyranny?

Do American techniques threaten to annihilate the individual? Some Europeans think so.

by Leo R. Muray

It is commonly assumed in the United States that its European critics are almost invariably to be found in the ranks of "Communists and Bevanites," a delusion fostered by celebrated correspondents. There have been many indications that conservatives as well are deeply critical of the United States, and the latest is a powerful and unusual book published in Germany last winter. The author, Herr Robert Jungk, is a German journalist who has worked in the United States for the last five years. *The Future Has Already Begun* is a solid success in Western Germany, and it is much discussed. Its impact on public opinion in German-speaking and German-reading countries has been strong.

Why are Herr Jungk's book and opinions so important? Because the author stands for the best-enlightened conservative opinion East of the Rhine. The newspapers and magazines Herr Jungk represents mold public opinion in Germany and Switzerland. Jungk's voice is that of the intellectual forces in German-speaking Europe which in the opinion of many influential Americans constitute the most reliable and solid support the United States has on the Continent.

Herr Jungk leaves out what most authors almost invariably discuss when writing about America: the Civil War and the Constitution, Democrats and Republicans, Politics and Hollywood, Crime and Corruption, the Negroes, Father Divine and the Ford Foundation, Senator McCarthy and Alger Hiss. His approach is different, a genuine product of that seeking for the dramatic and apocalyptic in the social structure of nations characteristic of the German elite since the historian Ranke started it nearly a hundred years ago. Since Spengler, the interpreter of doom and massacre, it has never lost its appeal.

Herr Jungk senses doom. Doom for the average American as an individual human personality, doom for America's social and political system, doom for the very soil of the country. A triple doom, emanating from a rapidly expanding, impersonal web of atomic plants, electronic computers and other gadgets, psychology and efficiency test teams and advertisers; a system in which the human being and his personality is ground to dust.

The introduction boldly sets out the author's main theme. The American Pioneer Spirit, the spirit of the frontier, has over-reached itself. Laboratories and testing grounds are the new frontier. And there Americans are "basically more ambitious than even their most determined enemies think." Americans are out to gain absolute and complete power over "the great globe itself." That American "grasp for power" is tantamount to claiming the throne of the Almighty. And to achieve that absolute control the United States has entered a new, a totalitarian phase. The Statue of Liberty, Herr Jungk says, "the President born in a log cabin," "from rags to riches," "the rough-edged, self-made man," all these symbols of a Democracy proud of its liberties have become museum pieces. For the time being the Old and the New, remnants of liberty and the beginnings of slavery exist side by side. But the new totalitarian America is growing up fast around oil refineries, atom plants and restricted military areas in the South, Southwest and West. The individualist ideal of the Pioneer is being replaced by that of collective effort and discipline. The pioneer of today is a cog. The very methods employed to control nature are applied to him. And he is thrown away like any other tool that has done its job. The new ideal is that of the dependable, easily controlled Mr. Average.

The author sums up the process in the term "improved creation." A laboratory in California is about to make Northern Lights to rob the night sky of its darkness forever; man is creating artificial matter, constructing celestial bodies destined to rise on the sky above, creating new species of plants and animals and new mechanical beings equipped with superhuman sense organs. But unlike the Creator, Man cannot rest and enjoy. He burns himself out in anguish and worry.

The author believes this anguished dissatisfaction, often degenerating into wild fantasies of ruin and fear, is a good portent for the future since it heralds a change of heart. He ends his introduction with an apocalyptic passage of sincere exhortation. ". . . The great change of heart has not come yet. It would have to acknowledge once more the boundaries set to Man; it would have to rediscover the Golden Mean. Messianic preaching, impatience would do no good here. That change must grow out of the most bitter experience." The sub-title of the book is "America's Omnipotence and Impotence."

The above passage may strike many Americans as a monstrous effrontery. Yet the book is not written in that vein. Most of it is a good job of dramatic and selective

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reporting. Herr Jungk sets out to prove his thesis by making a selective tour of the United States. From Richland, Washington, by way of Las Vegas and Los Alamos to San Antonio, Texas, and back to New York via the new atom towns of Ellerton and Augusta, Herr Jungk rarely misses, it seems, what he wants to see. It is a shrewd selection: the reader gets a sense of cold, impersonal, all-pervading oppressiveness.

About half the book is a conducted tour of atomic plants and projects and guided-missile test grounds, Air Force stations and uranium mine prospects. The other half reports on American interference with man, beast and weather. Throughout, the author endeavors to prove his point by skillful selection and dramatic comment.

In their more apocalyptic aspects, atomic developments fascinate him. The burial grounds for atomic waste, for example. What will happen if the signs that mark off these dangerous areas disappear and future generations forget the exact sites? At Hanford, an expert tells him that atomic waste with its deadly radiations is a bigger long-term problem than the international control of atomic weapons.

In Iowa, the author calls at a cattle-breeding station to watch artificial insemination; he visits a chicken farm where hybrid birds are fattened on hormonic feeds and floodlights are used at night to keep the hens laying. A farmer tells Herr Jungk that new efficiency methods treat God's creatures worse than any slave.

In New York, the author muses on the demolition of St. Nicholas Church and talks to the window cleaners who work on skyscrapers. The foreman at the Empire State tells him of his nightmares and of suicides. Here a strain of morbidity, that underlies so many of the author's impressions and arguments, appears—a strain that, not unnaturally, belongs to Germany's contemporary emotional make-up.

Herr Jungk has a lot to say about office work when visiting the International Business Machines plant in Endicott, New York, and that chapter is by far the most closely reasoned and forceful in the book. For Herr Jungk, offices are a world without walls. In both workshop and office more and more of the work is done by machines and unskilled labor. The boss has become invisible and the efficiency expert and psychologist all-powerful and somewhat sinister in a matter-of-fact way. A vision is conjured of millions of American office workers leading a life of "double think." For they have to assume during office hours a personality the "soul engineer" considers suitable in order to keep their jobs. One "soul engineer," a psychologist at Hawthorne, where the first efficiency and time-and-motion tests started 25 years ago, shows Herr Jungk a dossier of his interviews with staff members. From these documents emanates a spirit of impotent helplessness and a readiness to submit to resigned despair.

Since four out of five Americans gainfully employed now have the status of employee as against one in five a hundred years ago, the free, strong and independent individual who accepts guidance from his own conscience only and forms his own opinion is fast becoming rare, argues the author. And this fundamental change in the national character affects the democratic traditions of the nation. It is a change, the author says, which fills every friend of the United States with genuine apprehension.

In Washington the reader is taken to the National Bureau of Standards to look at the Eastern Automatic Computer, SEAC. That electronic brain, he learns, is really the oracle of Washington, the "Little White House." One of the organists, as the author calls the engineers who operates the electronic image of a Golem, tells him in all seriousness that the computer's calculations enabled President Truman to make up his mind about dismissing General MacArthur. The SEAC, "you neurotic fool" the organist calls it in the author's presence, was asked to work out how every sector of the United States economy would respond in event of a sudden outbreak of war. Its reply was the only objective assessment available, and prompted the President to act as he did.

Herr Jungk doubted that story at first but investigation led him to accept it. A genuine machine to govern with, dreamt of by utopians centuries ago, has now been found and is employed secretly, he explains.

Herr Jungk's book is, in the first place, the defensive reaction of the Central European conservative intellectual against the impact of American civilization. It is a rather negative self-defense. The author does not discuss or describe a single positive aspect of the American scene. One suspects that the author's approach prevented his seeing one. By implying that the new technical developments, begun in Europe or by exiled Europeans and not therefore to be treated as manifestations of the spirit of America only, make the United States rather inhuman, the moral prestige to which the US has accrued through Marshall Aid, Point Four and similar ventures is revalued at a discount. There hovers the suspicion that, as far as some of Herr Jungk's readers are concerned, hybrid chicken farms and guided-missile tests make extermination camps and the manufacture of soap from human bones just a trifle less of an outrage.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that Herr Jungk devotes so much attention to atomic developments. Whether America likes it or not, the United States is definitely, and for our life time at least, associated with atomic power and atomic warfare in the eyes of the world. The implication is that Russia and America are, let us say, equi-distant from Herr Jungk's Europe. A Third Force, neither Titoist nor Bevanite but Conservative and Personalist, is perhaps needed. But judging from Herr Jungk's reaction, that Third Force would be purely negative as far as the United States is concerned. Herr Jungk has no faith in the human qualities of the American people of today. He does not trust them to stand up to the machines they make. He is probably mistaken, but the Cold War planners in Washington might do well to ponder what he says and many conservative Europeans think.

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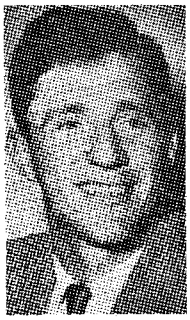
Will California Follow Wisconsin?

by Currin V. Shields

THE IMPRESSIVE Democratic victory in Wisconsin's 9th District indicated a Midwest shift in public support away from the Republican Administration. This shift may be confirmed in the Far West as a trend in the forthcoming special election for California's 24th Congressional District. In this campaign the Administration's farm policy (or lack of it) is not a vital issue. But the high cost of living is, for the times have brought changes in Southern California, and not those the voters bargained for when they elected General Eisenhower.



ARNOLD

But this election is significant not only as an index of the Administration's popularity. It will as well shed light on several questions of state and local concern. How much influence do the anti-Warren Republicans now have in Southern California, with Richard Nixon as Vice-President and Goodwin Knight as Governor? Can a progressive and revitalized Democratic Party break the political stranglehold of the one-party Republican press in Los Angeles. All three questions will be answered on November 10.

As a test-tube district, California's 24th is almost ideal. It embraces a number of urban, middle-class Los Angeles communities. All but a very few of the families are in the middle-income brackets. Small businessmen and elderly pensioners are fairly numerous, but there is no large bloc of labor union or minority votes. Most voters are simply average American citizens who happen to reside in the suburbs of a large city.

In party registration the Democrats have a slight edge (about 86,000 Democrats to 76,000 Republicans). But last November Eisenhower ran three to two ahead of Stevenson in the District, and for almost 10 years the area has been represented in the assembly and Congress by Republicans.

The Democratic candidate is an outspoken liberal, a former Marine, a popular young attorney, the son of Washington lawyer Thurman Arnold, the son-in-law of columnist Drew Pearson. George L. Arnold, who was selected from a field of aspirants by the organized Democrats in the district, has solid party and labor backing. A professional candidate who is registered as a Democrat did file, but his candidacy is taken seriously by no one. Arnold's campaign is also receiving substantial contributions of funds and workers from many Democrats outside the district. The official Democratic committeemen are actively supporting his campaign, as is the only metropolitan Democratic newspaper in Southern California, the Los Angeles *Daily News*.

Arnold's able manager is an astute and experienced professional campaigner. The campaign is pitched to the Democratic voters, and against the Republican Administration. In his literature and speeches Arnold hammers away that the Republicans have not kept their campaign promises, they have played politics with the national defense, and catered to the special interests at the expense of the general welfare.

The prime task of the Arnold forces is, of course, to get the Democratic voters to the polls. In California off-year elections the voter turnout is notoriously light; not more than one-third the registered voters are expected to ballot on November 10. But the Arnold forces are organized to get out their vote. The campaign at the precinct level is intensive, and already the election day operation is well set.

The Republicans are worried. For in this one-heat race where a plurality wins, Arnold is opposed by the two vote-getting Republican Assemblymen for the area: Glenard P. Lipscomb and John E. ("Bud") Collier.

Lipscomb, a personable young CPA who served as Nixon's secretary during the 1952 campaign, is cut of the same Republican cloth as Donald Jackson, Patrick Hillings, and Norris Poulson—whose victory over Fletcher Bowron last spring in the Los Angeles mayoralty race occasioned this special election. Lipscomb is the hand-picked candidate of the Republican organization which goes down the line for Governor Knight. As an Assemblyman Lipscomb was noted for one of the worst anti-labor voting records in the state legislature, and for a sub-committee investigation disclosing that the State of California was renting office space at exorbitant rates from the Los Angeles *Times* real estate interests. Nothing came of the disclosure. Now the *Times* is ardently supporting Lipscomb's candidacy.

Collier, a rare and curious breed even for California politics, is an ex-college football player, a Republican from Alabama, and a strictly independent political operator. Collier was not a flaming liberal in the state legislature, but more often than not he supported Governor Warren's program. By doggedly pushing for a tough lobbying regulation bill, aimed at the Samish-type pressure groups, he alienated many influential interests. But among the voters in his District, Collier is popular. And he is waging a determined, highly personal campaign, mainly directed at Lipscomb's backers.

The strenuous efforts made to persuade Collier to withdraw, thus clearing the way for Nixon's protege, have been without avail. The Lipscomb forces plan to import Senator Everett Dirksen, Arthur Summerfield, and other name Republicans to beat the Party's well-oiled drums. Governor Knight recently appealed to the good voters to send Lipscomb to Congress. But by staying in the race, Collier will surely split the Republican vote, and probably end up running a poor third just behind Lipscomb. This would be more a second-class victory for the conservative Republicans than a first-class defeat for the Warren Republicans.

But it would be a first-class victory for the Democrats over the Los Angeles *Times*, the mouthpiece of one of California's most powerful and conservative business combines. And for years the most important single factor in Los Angeles politics.

Currin V. Shields, political science professor at UCLA is an active leader in the Democratic Party.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

i & my parents

by e e cummings

Let me cordially warn you, at the opening of these socalled lectures, that I haven't the remotest intention of posing as a lecturer. Lecturing is presumably a form of teaching; and presumably a teacher is somebody who knows. I never did, and still don't, know. What has always fascinated me is not teaching, but learning; and I assure you that if the acceptance of a Charles Eliot Norton professorship hadn't rapidly entangled itself with the expectation of learning a very great deal, I should now be somewhere else. . . .

Ever since many of you didn't exist I've been learning and relearning, as a writer and as a painter, the significance of those immemorial maxims "one man's meat is another man's poison" and "you can lead the mare to water but you can't make her drink." Now—as a nonlecturer—I am luckily confronted by that equally ancient, but far less austere, dictum "it's an ill wind which blows nobody good." For while a genuine lecturer must obey the rules of mental decency, and clothe his personal idiosyncrasies in collectively acceptable generalities, an authentic ignoramus remains quite indecently free to speak as he feels. This prospect cheers me, because I value freedom; and have never expected freedom to be anything less than indecent. The very fact that a burlesk addict of long standing (who has many times worshipped at the shrine of progessive corporeal revelation) finds himself on the verge of attempting an aesthetic striptease, strikes me as a quite remarkable manifestation of poetic justice; and reinforces my conviction that since I can't tell you what I know (or rather what I don't know) there's nothing to prevent me from trying to tell you who I am. . . .

But who am I? Or rather—since my drawings and painting self concerns you not at all—who is my other self, the self of the prose and of the poetry? Here I perceive a serious problem; as well as an excellent chance to learn something. There'd be no problem, of course, if I subscribed to the hyperscientific doctrine that heredity is nothing because everything is environment; or if (having swallowed this supersleepingpill) I envisaged the future of socalled mankind as a permanent pastlessness, prenatally enveloping semiidentical supersubmorons in perpetual nonunhappiness. Rightly or wrongly, however, I prefer spiritual insomnia to psychic suicide. The hellless hell of compulsory heaven-on-earth emphatically isn't my pail of blueberries. By denying the past, which I respect, it negates the future—and I love the future. Consequently for me an autobiographical problem is an actuality.

Inspecting my autobiographical problem at close range, I see that it comprises two problems; united by a certain wholly mysterious moment which signifies selfdiscovery. Until this mysterious moment, I am only incidentally a writer: primarily I am the son of my parents and whatever is happening to him. After this moment, the question "who am I?" is answered by what I write—in other words, I become my writing; and my autobiography becomes the exploration of my stance as a writer. Two questions now make their appearance. The first—what constitutes this writing of mine?—can be readily answered: my writing consists of a pair of miscalled novels; a brace of plays, one in prose, the other in blank verse; nine books of poems; an indeterminate number of essays; an untitled volume of satire; and a ballet scenario. The second question—where, in all this material, do I find my stance as a writer most clearly expressed?—can be answered almost as readily: I find it expressed most clearly in the later miscalled novel, the two plays, perhaps twenty poems, and half a dozen of the essays. Very well; I shall build the second part of my autobiography around this prose and this poetry, allowing (wherever possible) the prose and the poetry to speak for themselves. But the first part of my autobiography presents a problem of another order entirely. To solve that problem, I must create a longlost personage—my parents' son—and his vanished world. How can I do this? I don't know; and because I don't know, I shall make the attempt. Having made the attempt, I shall tackle my second problem. If either attempt fails, I shall at least have tried. And if both attempts succeed, I shall (by some miracle) have achieved the impossible. For then—and only then—will you and I behold an aesthetic selfportrait of one whole half of this and no other indivisible ignoramus As Is.

Some, if not most, of the distinguished members of this enlightened audience are now (I suspect) internally exclaiming "alas. We come here expecting that a poet will lecture on poetry; and the very first thing the socalled poet does is to tell us he hasn't the slightest intention of doing so. Next, the socalled poet indulges in a lot of pretty corny backtracking; all of which proves exactly nothing, unless it's that as a draughtsman he doesn't know his gluteus maximus from his olecranon. Finally (adding injury to insult) the socalled poet graciously announces that we may expect him to favor us with a description of his prepoetic career, and then—as if this weren't bad enough—with a bevy of largely prosaic tidbits which have occasionally escaped him in the course of the last three decades: because only in this manner can he possibly understand who he is today. Why in the name of common sense doesn't the poet (socalled) read us some poetry—any poetry; even his own—and tell us what he thinks or doesn't think of it? Is the socalled poet a victim of galloping egocentricity or is he just plain simpleminded?"

My immediate response to such a question would be: and why not both? But supposing we partially bury the hatchet and settle for egocentricity—who, if I may be so inconsiderate as to ask, isn't egocentric? Half a century of time and several continents of space, in addition to a healthily developed curiosity, haven't yet enabled me to locate a single peripherally situated ego. Perhaps I somehow simply didn't meet the right people, and vice versa. At any rate, my slight acquaintance with senators pickpockets and scientists leads me to conclude that

This is a selection of the forthcoming book— i SIX NONLECTURES *by e e cummings (Harvard University Press: $3)—to be published on November 12, 1953.*

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they are far from unselfcentred. So, I believe, are all honest educators. And so (I'm convinced) are streetcleaners deafmutes murderers mothers, mountainclimbers cannibals fairies, strong men beautiful women unborn babes international spies, ghostwriters bums business executives, out and out nuts cranks *dopefiends policemen, altruists (above all)* ambulancechasers obstetricians and liontamers. Not forgetting morticans—as undertakers (in this epoch of universal culture) prefer to denominate themselves. Or, as my friend the distinguished biographer M R Werner once subrosafully remarked, over several biscuit dubonchés "when you come right down to it, everybody's *the whole boxoftricks to himself; whether she believes it or not.*"

. . . I shall quote very briefly from a wonderful book . . . whose English title is Letters To A Young Poet, and whose author is the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke:

Works of art are of an infinite loneliness and with nothing to be so *little reached as with criticism. Only love can grasp and hold and* fairly judge them.

In my proud and humble opinion, those two sentences are worth all the soi-disant criticism of the arts which has ever existed or will ever exist. Disagree with them as much as you *like*, but never forget them; for if you do, you will have forgotten the mystery which you have been, the mystery which you shall be, and the mystery which you are—

so many selves(so many fiends and gods
each greedier than every)is a man
(so easily one in another hides;
yet man can,being all,escape from none)

so huge a tumult is the simplest wish:
so pitiless a massacre the hope
most innocent(so deep's the mind of flesh
and so awake what waking calls asleep)

so never is most lonely man alone
(his briefest breathing lives some planet's year,
his longest life's a heartbeat of some sun;
his least unmotion roams the youngest star)

—how should a fool that calls him "I" presume
to comprehend not numerable whom?

And thus we arrive at the parents of a longlost personage, who is these parents' child.

By way of describing my father, let me quote a letter and tell you a story. The letter was written by me to my good friend Paul Rosenfeld; who used it in an essay which graced the fifth number of that ambiguously entitled periodical The Harvard Wake:

I wot not how to answer your query about my father. He was a New Hampshire man, 6 foot 2, a crack shot & a famous fly-fisherman & a firstrate sailor (his sloop was named The Actress) & a woodsman who could find his way through forests primeval without a compass & a canoeist who'd stillpaddle you up to a deer without ruffling the surface of a pond & an ornithologist & taxidermist &(when he gave up hunting) an expert photographer (the best I've ever seen) & an actor who portrayed Julius Caesar in Sanders Theatre & a painter (both in oils & watercolours) & a better carpenter than any professional & an architect who designed his own houses before building them & (when he liked) a plumber who just for the fun of it
installed
all his own waterworks & (while at Harvard) a teacher with small use for professors—by whom (Royce, Lanman, Taussig, etc.) we were literally surrounded (but not defeated)—& later (at Doctor Hale's socalled South Congregational really Unitarian church) a preacher who announced, during the last war, that the Gott Mit Uns boys were in error since the only thing which mattered was for man to be on God's side (& one beautiful Sunday in Spring remarked from the pulpit that he couldn't understand why anyone had come to hear him on such a day) & horribly shocked his pewholders by crying "the Kingdom of Heaven is no spiritual roofgarden: it's inside you" & my father had the first telephone in Cambridge & (long before any Model T Ford) he piloted an Orient *Buckboard with Friction Drive produced by the Waltham watch* company & my father sent me to a certain public school because its principal was a gentle immense coalblack negress & when he became a diplomat (for World Peace) he gave me & my friends a
tremendous
party up in a tree at Sceaux Robinson & my father was a servant of *the people who fought Boston's biggest & crookedest politician* fiercely all day & few evenings later sat down with him cheerfully at the Rotary Club & my father's voice was so magnificent that he was called on to impersonate God speaking from Beacon Hill (he was heard all over the common) & my father gave me Plato's metaphor of the cave with my mother's milk.

This, I feel, is an accurate sketch of Edward Cummings, Harvard '83—except as regards his neighbourliness. He certainly had "small use for professors" in general; but with the particular professors around him his relations were nearly always amicable and in certain cases affectionate. The neighbour whom my father unquestionably preferred was William James: and it's odd that I should have forgotten to mention so true a friend and so great a human being. Not only is it odd: it's ungrateful—since I may be said to owe my existence to professor James, who introduced my father to my mother.

Now for the story.

Thirty-five years ago, a soiled envelope with a French stamp on it arrived at 104 Irving Street, Cambridge. The envelope contained a carefully phrased scrawl: stating (among other things) that I was interned in a certain concentration camp, with a fine friend named Brown whom I'd met on the boat going to France—he, like myself, having volunteered as an ambulance driver with Messrs Norton (not Charles Eliot) and Harjes. Immediately my father—than whom no father on this earth ever loved or ever will love his son more profundly—cabled his friend Norton; but Mr Norton hadn't even missed us, and consequently could do less than nothing. Next, through a mere *but loyal acquaintance, my father set the American army on our* trail; forcefully stipulating that my friend and I must be rescued together. Many days passed. Suddenly the telephone rang—top brass demanding Reverend Edward Cummings. "Hello" my father said. "This is Major Soandso" an angry voice sputtered. "That friend of your son is no damned good. May even be a spy. Unpatriotic anyhow. He deserves what's coming to him. Do you understand?" "I understand" said my deeply patriotic father. "We won't touch Brown" the sputter continued "so it's your son or nothing. And I guarantee that your son alone will be out of that hellhole in five days—what do you say about that?" "I say" replied my father "don't bother." And he hung up.

Incidentally, the major bothered; and as a result, my friend Slater Brown is also alive.

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Let me only add that while my father was speaking with the American army, my mother was standing beside him; for these two wonderful human beings, my father and my mother, loved each other more than themselves—

if there are any heavens my mother will(all by herself)have
one. It will not be a pansy heaven or
a fragile heaven of lilies-of-the-valley but
it will be a heaven of blackred roses

my father will be(deep like a rose
tall like a rose)

standing near my

(swaying over her
silent)
with eyes which are really petals and see

nothing with the face of a poet really which
is a flower and not a face with
hands
which whisper
This is my beloved my

(suddenly in sunlight
he will bow,

and the whole garden will bow)

—as for me, I was welcomed as no son of any king and queen was ever welcomed. Here was my joyous fate and my supreme fortune. If somehow a suggestion of this illimitable blessing should come to you from me, my existence here and now would be justified: otherwise, anything I may say to you will have not the slightest significance. For as surely as each November has its April, mysteries only are significant; and one mystery-of-mysteries creates them all:

nothing false and possible is love
(who's imagined, therefore limitless)
love's to giving as to keeping's give;
as yes is to if, love is to yes

I shall not attempt a description of my mother. But let me try to give you a few glimpses of the most amazing person I've ever met. She came of highly respectable Roxbury stock: so highly respectable (indeed) that one of her distinguished forbears, the Reverend Pitt Clarke, withdrew his grown son by the ear from what we should consider a painfully decorous dance. Nor did Clarke respectability stop there. When my mother's father, who was in business with his father-in-law, affixed (on one occasion) the latter's name to a cheque, that worthy not only sent his son-in-law to the Charles Street jail but obliterated his name from the family archives. My mother told me that all during her childhood she supposed that her father had been hanged. She also assured me that she grew up a shy—or (as we now say) neurotic—girl; who had to be plucked from under sofas whenever friends came to call; and this statement I found almost unbelievable, though she could no more have told a lie than flown over the housetop. For never have I encountered anyone more joyous, anyone healthier in body and mind, anyone so quite incapable of remembering a wrong, or anyone so completely and humanly and unaffectedly generous. Whereas my father had created his Unitarianism (his own father being a Christian of the hellfire variety) she had inherited hers; it was an integral part of herself, she expressed it as she breathed and as she smiled. The two indispensable factors in life, my mother always maintained, were "health and a sense of humor." And although her health eventually failed her, she kept her sense of humor to the beginning.

It isn't often you meet a true heroine. I have the honour to be a true heroine's son. My father and mother were coming up from Cambridge to New Hampshire, one day, in their newly purchased automobile—an aircooled Franklin, with an ash frame. As they neared the Ossippees, snow fell. My mother was driving; and, left to herself, would never have paused for such a trifle as snow. But as the snow increased, my father made her stop while he got out and wiped the windshield. Then he got in; and she drove on. Some minutes later, a locomotive cut the car in half, killing my father instantly. When two brakemen jumped from the halted train, they saw a woman standing—dazed but erect—beside a mangled machine; with blood "spouting" (as the older said to me) out of her head. One of her hands(the younger added) kept feeling of her dress, as if trying to discover why it was wet. These men took my sixty-six year old mother by the arms and tried to lead her toward a nearby farmhouse; but she threw them off, strode straight to my father's body, and directed a group of scared spectators to cover him. When this had been done (and only then) she let them lead her away.

A day later, my sister and I entered a small darkened room in a country hospital. She was still alive—why, the headdoctor couldn't imagine. She wanted only one thing: to join the person she loved most. He was very near her, but she could not quite reach him. We spoke, and she recognized our voices. Gradually her own voice began to understand what its death would mean to these living children of hers; and very gradually a miracle happened. She decided to live. "There's something wrong with my head" she kept telling us faintly; and she didn't mean the fracture of her skull. As days and nights passed, we accidentally discovered that this ghastly wound had been sewn up by candlelight when all the town lights went out at once. But the headdoctor had no intention of losing his patient—"move her?" he cried "impossible! It would kill her just to sit up" and several centuries wandered away before we found a method of overruling him. When the ambulance arrived, ready to transfer my mother to a big Boston hospital, she was sitting up (fully dressed and smiling) by the entrance-door. She admired the ambulance, conversed cheerfully with its chauffeur, and refused to lie down because by so doing she'd miss the scenery en route. We shot through towns and tore through cities. "I like going fast" she told us; beaming. At last came the goal. After an interminable time in an operatingroom—where (we learned later) she insisted on watching in a handmirror whatever was happening, while a great brain-surgeon removed a piece of bone and carefully cleansed the wound—up came my mother in a wheelchair; very erect, and waving triumphantly a small bottle in which (at her urgent request) he'd placed the dirt and grime and splinters of whose existence his predecessor had been blissfully unaware. "You see?" she cried to us, smiling "I was right!"

And, though the wound had later to be reopened, she came out of that hospital in record time; recovered completely at home in a few months—attending, now and then, a nearby meeting of The Society of Friends—then boarded a train alone for New York, and began working as a volunteer for the Travellers' Aid in the Grand Central Station. "I'm tough!" was her dauntless comment when we tried to express our amazement and our joy.

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SYMBOLISM: AMERICAN STYLE

by John Crowe Ransom

OF ALL the literary effects in circulation, the most difficult which the hard-headed reader is required to look for is symbolism—because there is no clear-cut description in what he can read about it in advance. It is most difficult for him also when it comes to making the response to it that is expected—because the advance notices do not seem to connect the symbolic effects with his own familiar needs. Perhaps the truth is that symbolism, if and when it really stirs the soul and casts a new glory over life, is one of the varieties of religious experience, though not an orthodox one. It is not easily validated for the common reader even if he is used to literature, because it goes beyond the conventional range of literary experience, which has been sufficient for his needs. Perhaps there is a dialectical need for it, to fill a gap and complete a series of literary effects. But he will ask if literature, with its scrupulous feeling for reality, is prepared to acknowledge the obligation to submit to as many forms as there are theoretical possibilities.

If we notice some of the aims which have been professed by symbolic theorists, we will find that in every one there is a departure from the literary canon.

First, it is said that the symbolic artwork intends to have its existence purely in language, and must on that level satisfy the reader if he can receive it, not permitting the usual ulterior "meanings" which obtain in common language. Though language is generally regarded as the "medium" of experience, it is a medium which sometimes is said to escape from control and realize a life of its own. But language is exclusively a human activity, so that this life will come within human experience, and in fact for greater honor it may be called especially "humane" or humanistic. Even so it meets with resistance from the literary reader, whose interest is likely to be in language of another and easier kind. How do words remain words and yet repudiate their function as "signs"? The answer would be: When they become symbols. But that seems evasive. One does not learn what symbol the word itself signifies.

Again, the symbolist promises to perform an act of free or absolute creativity, realizing an art strictly for art's sake. He will therefore find the way to abandon the usual preoccupations of writers, and their readers; such as their concern about the success of the animal life, or even the higher life which is involved with morality, and social and religious adaptations. But this does not seem intelligible, or possible. How can he forget his passionate attachments? And what, for that matter, can a free creation be? This is not an idle question. Having no determining form or direction, how would it achieve any character at all, and miss being pure nonsense? And what would ever push it into action in the first place? It may be granted, and I have remarked, that there may be a dialectical place for pure creativity, since there are more and less pure kinds of creativity, but the type assigned to that place might represent if anything only a complete freedom from the common preoccupations, so that no actual case would ever come to be listed.

A third version. The symbolist would like to heal the ill-famed split between the subject and the object; the one that Descartes is said to have brought about, or at least to have published and forced upon the modern consciousness, which has been an uneasy one ever since. When language is forced to make no reference to the fixed objects (after having made too much to them under the "imitation" theory of smug eighteenth century writers), and to make none to the feelings of the subject (after referring to them too much in the period of the Romantic revolt), the hateful dualism is said to have been extinguished at last; by artists who in the temporal succession are the post-Romantics. But symbolism must start with existing words, and again these are the signs of their objects, while the feelings are because of the objects. How will the words be made to dissociate themselves from the original sense of the objects and the responses to the objects which are the feelings? And why should they do so?

A fourth version. The words of the symbolic work are those which have served as the names of the objects, and they continue to do so, but now the objects are not held in their old relations to one another but assume new relations. These must be other than logical relations. But they are said to be very powerful, so that the symbolic work has "unity" to an astonishing and almost mystical degree. A new and tighter world, through having somewhat the same constituents, replaces the old world. And perhaps this version seems more credible, and more intriguing. Thus it is said that a highly favored relation will be that of paradox, the relation holding opposites together. All the same, we are likely to fear that the trick will turn out to be on the specious side, and grow tiresome; for we will look for some new logic which really reconciles the opposites, as the old logic scarcely allowed, and will be disappointed if we find them only juxtaposed physically.

These are some of the commonplaces in the dialectic of symbolism. But it would be poor business if we stopped with even an exhaustive theoretical presentation, especially when we had followed up every theory with a theoretical counter-punch and knock-out. Symbolists as post-Romantics did actually and very shortly appear. The interesting thing is that they were our own highly original American writers, not only theorists but creative artists too. They anticipated the French *Symbolistes* later in their century, and the full-scale arrival of symbolism nearly everywhere in the present century. They filled a period of literary history with which we can scarcely have had a full acquaintance, since it has not been spelled out till now. But now we will find it written out to the length of a sympathetic yet sophisticated and critical book, *Symbolism and American Literature,* by Charles Feidelson, Jr. (Chicago, 1953). The present essay is heavily indebted to Mr. Feidelson as a very important historian, and the master of a knowing and delicious dialectic.

Emerson was the great originator of symbolic theory; after the German idealists of course, though he seems to have been an original, and to have sprung from his own national background. Emerson used all the symbolist advertisements which I have noted, and more, in his reiterative yet fertile style. He was reinforced by Thoreau, Alcott, and others. The creative writers of eminence were Whitman, Hawthorne, Poe, and Melville.

Among these Walt Whitman was the sanguine and imperturbable one. He had a fervid though not fastidious literary instrument at his command. He made it

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A Fable of LaFontaine

THE CARTER IN THE MIRE

by Marianne Moore

Poor Phaëton with hay heaped on his wain,
Found his cart-wheels mired. There he was and would remain,
With no rescuer near: He was at a stand
In a corner of Britanny that is low land—
Quagmiry Quimper-Corentin—
The kind of place, I need scarcely explain,
To which Fate sends culprits she desires to goad!
Heaven defend us from such a road!
Say you'd heard our Quimper carter swear at the mud,
Scores of expletives would have come forth in a flood.
The man in his desperation
Was soon cursing the holes, raining oaths on each steed,
His cart, his occupation;
Then invoked the saint of the impossible deed,
Whose fabulous strength no one spurns,
And prayed, "Hercules, here is a toiler in need.
As pivot on which the earth turns,
Your pair of strong arms could save me."
Our man made the prayer and from clouds overhead,
A voice was heard saying distinctly,
"Hercules would have effort made,
Then assist mankind. Look hard, for patience can.
See what is hindering your strained span.
Scrape that mortar-like mud
From the felloes and the axle it has glued,
Spattering what should have mobility.
Pulverize with a pick, rocks that could have utility.
Fill in that rut with hard grit. Done?" The man said, "The road is restored."
—"I'll help you," said the voice. "Have your whip in position."
—"I have. Ha! My cart glides as for a magician:
Hercules be praised." The voice said, "No one used a harsh word.
Your team pulled your cart from the slough in which it slid.
Exert yourself; Heaven betters what you did."

serve symbolism by conceiving himself in imagination as "tramping a perpetual journey" across the length and the breadth of the then United States, encountering the ever-fresh New World scenery, and the "natural persons" whom he loved and miraculously "became" for the moment before he moved on.

The logic of this kind of composition is only that of an eternal and serial or cataloguing process, to which he was reduced by his incessant defiance of the complications and stopping-places to which the old poetry tempted him, with its stuffy dogmas and respectabilities. But he is zealous at declaiming "the word *en masse,*" and the words "American" and "democratic," and in spite of his magnificence Mr. Feidelson has to dismiss him in this poetic aspect as a corrupted symbolist, in fact a sociologist. The best symbolic achievement of Whitman's, Mr. Feidelson says, is "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." It is the one where Lincoln's coffin goes on the train from Washington to Springfield, mourned wherever it passes through the teeming American scene. The key-symbols are the lilac which stands for the new birth in the spring of the year, the drooping star which stands for death, and the bird whose song embraces birth and death indifferently, and so inspires the poet that he becomes the bird; and now his vocation is a proper and symbolic song, in which death and life are indistinguishably locked and have their opposition cancelled. But as a critic I think Mr. Feidelson might have been a little more resistant. Is not this symbolic disposition of death too easy? Poets in older modes might have coveted such dramatic properties for the occasion as lilac and star and bird. (Hardy might have said of the dead man, "He was a man who used to notice such things.") But how weak must the reality-principle of the poet be if he can find consolation in a verbal equation?

We obtain acute judgments of the achievement of Hawthorne (who was a timid symbolist), of Poe (who was one perversely, and in defiance of his logical theory of composition), and of Melville. In Melville's *Pierre* we find a well furnished and rather commensurate anticipation of Gide's curious and intricate play of symbols in *The Counterfeiters*. *Moby Dick* is the great masterpiece, and I fancy that Mr. Feidelson has for it a novel and final interpretation. This is a symbolic work whose symbolism is the symbolic passion itself, and its final vanity; for Melville carried his critical habit about with him, even as a symbolist. Ahab voyaging over the seas is the type of all symbolists, and the White Whale which he pursues is that final and heavenly Vision of Truth which symbolism seeks. But in the event, the whale destroys his pursuer. The ship and crew vanish beneath the dark waters, which have not yielded up their secret. Only Ishmael, the sympathetic but not quite committed companion and reporter of the voyage, is tossed up alive, perhaps to make other voyages if he dares. But it is not without significance, I should think, to notice that the naturalistic plot of *Moby Dick* is in the straightest narrative style (i.e., answering fully to the logic of a real action), punctuated only by stops for the heavy symbolic comment of the reporter or the author. It was on that understanding alone that I gave it my own first reading when I was young. But if it had not been so I should wonder who would read it even when old.

A symbolic work appears to have its existence partly in "literature proper" and partly out of it. One may easily suppose that it aspires to exist entirely out of it.

Coleridge's ideas about poetry will come to mind at this point. They are both modern and old-fashioned. Coleridge is counted on rather heavily by some symbolists, because he re-

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garded the poet as a creator next only to God, and did not stint himself in paying tribute to the power of the Secondary Imagination. I think they may not always be aware of the stern restriction which he imposed upon the imagination even at full flight.

In that most famed and involuted sentence of Chapter XIV in the *Biographia Litteraria* he represents the power of the imagination as "first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, control"; then as revealing itself in "the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities"; and after this beginning names at least ten different pairs of opposites; one for example being of "judgment ever awake and steady self-possession, with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement," while another pairing "still subordinates art to nature." I believe it is accurate to say that the understanding (to us, the faculty of logical order) is responsible for one of the terms in every pairing, and keeps ever awake and in its duty in order to be ready to restrain the imagination if it tries to be free.

Yet Coleridge was thinking of literature, not symbolism, whose emergence into history was waiting upon its agents, the Americans. I should like frankly to offer another consideration, which finds something essentially symbolic in the language of literature itself, especially and spectacularly in that of poetry. Symbolism has trouble defining itself, but so does poetry. What is that mysterious *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes poetry forever from strict prose, and is grasped instantly by some intuition, though few if any of us can rationalize it, or render it by logical definition? Throughout the history of poetic theory the closest critics have been content to define it negatively, by what it is not. That is to say, poetry is virtually represented as arising when the prose shakes itself freer and looser by a series of transformations which can all be isolated and identified, but only as specific breaches in the prose logic. Nor has anybody yet spoken with authority to tell what is the hidden use that makes us cherish the resultant with so much passion. The breaches are quite demonstrable; they are the poetic "figures" or tropes. But so beneficent is the positive and creative power which they generate that they have been licensed or authorized since poetry began. Reputable philosophers and scholars have categorized and listed them, first the Greeks, then the Romans adding to the list, then the modern European languages; altogether a monument of industry, until in Shakespeare's time the list ran to several hundreds of entries. It was time then for the tropological dictionary to collapse of its own weight; very much as a rhyming dictionary does, when it is heavy on the hands of poets so trained and sure that they can tell for themselves what is permissive in this art—or perhaps tell what is unpermissive if this is what they want—and govern themselves accordingly.

Some of the bolder and more positive-looking tropes are synecdoche, metaphor, paradox, and prosopopoeia. With them it is as if the logical sign of the prose were replaced by a new sign, which could easily be called a symbol, the magical agent itself. And the new sign contains in its total meaning the old sign, plus some new and foreign meaning which frees the language and lets it swell with meaning. It will never get back into its tight logic again; the apologist of poetry is sure of that. For the logician, the symbol is a surd. (That is a nice term for the philologist, first meaning *deaf,* then *surly* and *refractory,* and finally irrational; nor is there much advance in the meaning when *surd* becomes *absurd.*) The symbol will not give up its irreducible increment. The logician can find his logic submerged beneath the symbolic deposit, still working if he looks for it, provided the law of Coleridge has been adhered to; and it must be. But the *je ne sais quoi* is there too. And the difference between the poet and the symbolist is merely that the symbolist is capable of losing himself in the symbols but the poet is trained by his tradition to keep them under control.

In his postcript Mr. Feidelson offers this summation: "Symbolism is humanism but a critical humanism." I take it that this will hold for Melville and the superior symbolists. They must symbolize because this action represents the point of most advancement and aspiration in their humanity. But they are also prepared to find in symbolism the locus "of error, confusion, darkness." We could not ask for a fairer judgment.

AGAINST THE BETRAYAL OF ARCHITECTURE

by Herbert Read

SOMEONE once described Frank Lloyd Wright as a "provincial genius," as though genius could be qualified, and forgetting that geniuses are most often provincial, at any rate in their origins. In small countries they are drawn to the metropolis for economic reasons, especially if they are architects. But the United States has no metropolis in the Old World sense of the word, and a genius may alight, with equal propriety, in Wisconsin or Arizona, New York or Washington, D. C.

THE FUTURE OF ARCHITECTURE, by Frank Lloyd Wright (Horizon; $7.50).

Mr. Wright cannot be so easily dismissed. His eccentricity is a positive quality, and is due to an obstinate holding on to certain truths from which others have diverged. Wright's early work was not particularly eccentric; apart from American exemplars, like Louis Sullivan, it seems to me to stem quite naturally from the European movement of the late nineteenth century, from Austrian and Dutch *Jugendstil,* from Macintosh and Voysey. There was still organic growth in that movement, but from the time of the building of the Crystal Palace the engineers began to declare their independence of the architects, and on their drawing-boards designed "structures" which were "erected." All they asked for was a clear space and a firm foundation, and their paper-work, their brain-work, could then be converted into terms of steel and concrete, into machines with various functions (to live in, to work in, to die in).

Wright's career has been a life-long protest against this betrayal of architecture—this substitution of construction for building. Building begins on the ground—and not in an office. It begins with something even more essential than a survey of the site. It begins with contemplation, with meditation, with an intuitive apprehension of the particular forms that will be "in harmony with" the site, and yet fulfill the functional

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purpose of the building. Mr. Wright has used the word "organic" to describe this kind of architecture—an ambiguous word for which he is now prepared to substitute two or three others—integral, intrinsic, natural:

Organic means intrinsic—in the philosophic sense, entity—wherever the whole is to the part as the part is to the whole and where the nature of the materials, the nature of the purpose, the *nature* of the entire performance becomes clear as a necessity. Out of that *nature* comes what character in any particular situation you can give to the building as a creative artist.

This might be called a romantic conception of architecture — Wordsworth wrote an essay on the architecture appropriate to the landscape of the Lake District, and Mr. Wright is saying what Wordsworth said before him, and which all people of romantic sensibility have always felt. To live in unity with nature —it is not a sentimental idea: it is a philosophical idea, the philosophy of the Taoists, of the Stoics, and of the Romantic poets. But some of Mr. Wright's critics are sentimentalists, and who think that to live in unity with nature means living in thatched cottages or log cabins.

That may be the way a stick-insect lives with nature, but it is not the way of man, who has developed a wonderful faculty for harmonization, which means the reconciliation or integration of disparate elements—the creation of a synthesis out of thesis and antithesis. That is the method of Frank Lloyd Wright. He was asked earlier this year in a telecast (reprinted in the volume under review) how he came to relate Bear Run House to its site. He answered:

There in a beautiful forest was a solid high rock-ledge rising beside a waterfall and the natural thing seemed to be to cantilever the house from that rock-bank over the falling water. You see, in the Bear Run House, the first house where I came into possession of concrete and steel with which to build, of course the grammar of that house cleared up on that basis.

On the basis of reconciliation—the reconciliation of rigid steel and waving foliage, of smooth rectangular planes of concrete and rugged protruding rocks. Such a reconciliation is not achieved on the surface—it is part of the inner structure of the building, the use of principles of tenuity and flexibility, made possible by modern materials, which are actually the principles of organic growth. A Frank Lloyd Wright house grows like a tree rooted in the ground and spreading its branches to enfold a living-space. The machine-made, engineered house has no such organic conception, but is dumped inertly on the landscape, like a cardboard box. "I can see no evidence of integral method in their making," remarks Mr. Wright.

I have not seen enough of Mr. Wright's architecture to venture any criticism, but I observe in what I have seen, and in all that I have seen illustrated—and what I have seen is supported by all that Mr. Wright says on the subject—a certain self-sufficiency and jealousy. Obviously, when the house is finished, he resents the intrusion of the client for whom he has built the house — the client with his furniture and knick-knacks, his all-too-human desire for comfort and cosiness. A Chinese screen is permissible; perhaps a few well-chosen pieces of Japanese pottery. Nature, in the form of drooping ferns or climbing ivies, may grace the natural background of wood or stone; and even a tree may, like a giraffe, thrust its head through the roof. Wright's architecture, no less than the severest functional architecture, predicts the end of all "cabinet" art—of the whole Renaissance tradition of bibelots and bric-à-brac, in which we must include the painted canvas and sculpture on its pedestal. The aesthetic impulse that proliferated such objects in the past five hundred years now seeks to inhabit other forms—the typical forms of our industrial civilization. The more sophisticated amenities of our civilization must, it would seem, be secreted in cupboards. Insofar as they have useful articles (and what, in this respect, is the difference between women's dresses and pictures, books and golf-clubs) there may be a certain logic in such austerity. But carried to its logical conclusion a sense of unity—"where the whole is to the part as the part is to the whole"—implies that every house Mr. Wright builds is his own house, and the people who live in them are not his clients, but his guests.

Every architect, inasmuch as he fulfils a social need (for housing) becomes a sociologist. You cannot build, on any considerable scale, without affecting the life of the community; and most communities exercise a strict control on building. In the course of a long experience Mr. Wright has acquired many definite ideas on social questions, and they are never far from the surface when he is writing about architecture. It is impossible to discuss them all in a review. They constitute a devastating criticism of modern civilization. But it is always positive criticism. It is easy to trace most of our social ills to the big city, and to cry out for decentralization. But decentralization is a long word which means nothing unless you have a plan. Mr. Wright has a definite plan, an architect's plan, a plan for what he calls Broadacre City, a plan which we can criticize and try to improve. But he knows that a plan is useless unless there is the imagination to realize it, the vital creative impulse which is precisely the impulse that has been destroyed by modern civilization. So the fundamental problem is to restore this creative impulse, and this can only be done by a new kind of education—education through art. Says Frank Lloyd Wright:

I believe the time has come when art must take the lead in education because creative faculty is now, as ever, the birthright of man—the quality that has enabled him to distinguish himself from the brute. . . .

This creative faculty in man is that quality or faculty in him of getting himself born into whatever he does, and born again and again with fresh patterns as new problems arise. . . . A false premium has been placed by education upon will and intellect. Imagination is the instrument by which the force in him works its miracles.

Mr. Wright admits that creative art cannot be taught, but he has a practical suggestion to make—experiment centers endowed by industry where sensitive, unspoiled students ("and they may yet be found in this unqualified machine that America is becoming") may rediscover their creative talents—"where the creative endeavor of the whole youth is co-ordinated with the machinery, and where the technique of his time is visible at work, so that youth may win back again the creative factor as the needed vitalizing force in modern life." In a country where millions of dollars are available for educational development, it would constitute criminal neglect not to take the advice of the one citizen whose creative genius has received world-wide acclaim.

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THE MAN WITH NO COMMITMENTS

by Robert Penn Warren

The Adventures of Augie March is the third of Saul Bellow's novels, and by far the best one. It is, in my opinion a rich, various, fascinating, and important book, and from now on any discussion of fiction in America in our time will have to take account of it. To praise this novel should not, however, be to speak in derogation of the two earlier ones, *The Dangling Man* and *The Victim*. Both of these novels clearly indicated Saul Bellow's talent, his sense of character, structure, and style. Though *The Dangling Man* did lack narrative drive, it was constantly interesting in other departments, in flashes of characterization, in social and psychological comment. In *The Victim,* however, Bellow developed a high degree of narrative power and suspense in dealing with materials that in less skillful hands would have invited an analytic and static treatment. These were not merely books of promise. They represented—especially *The Victim*—a solid achievement, a truly distinguished achievement, and should have been enough to win the author a public far larger than became his. They did win the attention of critics and of a hard core of discriminating readers, but they were not popular.

THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH, by Saul Bellow (Viking; $4.50).

The Dangling Man and *The Victim* were finely wrought novels of what we may, for lack of a more accurate term, call the Flaubert-James tradition. Especially *The Victim* depended much on intensification of effect by tightness of structure, by limitations on time, by rigid economy in structure of scene, by placement and juxtaposition of scenes, by the unsaid and withheld, by a muting of action, by a scrupulous reserved style. The novel proved that the author had a masterful control of the method, not merely fictional good manners, the meticulous good breeding which we ordinarily damn by the praise "intelligent."

It would be interesting to know what led Saul Bellow to turn suddenly from a method in which he was expert and in which, certainly, he would have scored triumphs. It would be easy to say that it had been from the beginning a mistake for him to cultivate this method, to say that he was a victim of the critical self-consciousness of the novel in our time, to say that in his youthful innocence he had fallen among the thieves of promise, the theorizers. Or it would be easy to say that the method of the earlier books did not accommodate his real self, his deepest inspiration and that as soon as he liberated himself from the restriction of the method he discovered his own best talent.

These things would be easy to say but hard to prove. It would be equally easy to say that the long self-discipline in the more obviously rigorous method had made it possible for Bellow now to score a triumph in the apparent formlessness of the autobiographical-picaresque novel, and to remember, as a parallel, that almost all the really good writers of free verse had cultivated an ear by practice in formal metrics. I should, as a matter of fact, be inclined to say that *The Adventures of Augie March* may be the profit on the investment of *The Dangling Man* and *The Victim,* and to add that in a novel of the present type we can't live merely in the hand-to-mouth way of incidental interests in scene and character, that if such a novel is to be fully effective the sense of improvisation must be a dramatic illusion, the last sophistication of the writer, and that the improvisation is really a pseudo-improvisation, and that the random scene or casual character that imitates the accidental quality of life must really have a relevance, and that the discovery, usually belated, of this relevance is the characteristic excitement of the genre. That is, in this genre the relevance is deeper and more obscure, and there is, in the finest examples of the genre, a greater tension between the random life force of the materials and the shaping intuition of the writer.

It is the final distinction, I think, of *The Adventures of Augie March* that we do feel this tension, and that it is a meaningful fact. It is meaningful because it dramatizes the very central notion of the novel. The hero Augie March is a very special kind of adventurer, a kind of latter-day example of the Emersonian ideal Yankee who could do a little of this and a little of that, a Chicago pragmatist happily experimenting in all departments of life, work, pleasure, thought, a hero who is the very antithesis of one of the most famous heroes of our time, the Hemingway hero, in that his only code is codelessness and his relish for experience is instinctive and not programmatic. This character is, of course, the character made for the random shocks and aimless corners of experience, but he is not merely irresponsible. If he wants freedom from commitment, he also wants wisdom, and in the end utters a philosophy, the philosophy embodied by the French serving maid Jacqueline, big-legged and red-nosed and ugly, standing in a snowy field in Normandy, hugging still her irrepressibly romantic dream of going to Mexico.

But is this comic and heroic philosophy quite enough, even for Augie? Augie himself, I hazard, scarcely thinks so. He is still a seeker, a hoper, but a seeker and hoper aware of the comedy of seeking and hoping. He is, in fact, a comic inversion of the modern stoic, and the comedy lies in the tautology of his wisdom—our best hope is hope. For there is a deep and undercutting irony in the wisdom and hope, and a sadness even in Augie's high-heartedness, as we leave him standing with Jacqueline in the winter field on the road toward Dunkerque and Ostend. But to return to the proposition with which this discussion opened: if Augie plunges into the aimless ruck of experience, in the end we see that Saul Bellow has led him through experience toward philosophy. That is, the aimless ruck had a shape, after all, and the shape is not that of Augie's life but of Saul Bellow's mind. Without that shape, and the shaping mind, we would have only the limited interest in the random incidents.

The interest in the individual incidents is, however, great. In *The Victim* the interest in any one episode was primarily an interest in the over-all pattern, but here most incidents, and incidental characters, appeal first because of their intrinsic qualities, and, as we have said, our awareness of their place in the over-all pattern dawns late on us. In incident after incident, there is brilliant narrative pacing, expert atmospheric effect, a fine sense of structure of the individual scene. In other words, the lessons learned in writing the earlier books are here applied in another context.

As for characterization, we find the

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same local fascination. The mother, the grandmother, the feeble-minded brother, the brother drunk on success, the whole Einhorn family, Thea, the Greek girl—they are fully realized, they compel our faithful attention and, in the end, our sympathy. As a creator of character, Saul Bellow is in the great tradition of the English and American novel, he has the fine old relish of character for character's sake, and the sort of tolerance which Santayana commented on in Dickens by saying that it was the naturalistic understanding that is the nearest thing to Christian charity.

It is, in a way, a tribute, though a back-handed one, to point out the faults of Saul Bellow's novel, for the faults merely make the virtues more impressive. The novel is uneven. Toward the last third the inspiration seems to flag now and then. Several episodes are not carried off with the characteristic elan, and do not, for me at least, take their place in the thematic pattern. For instance, the Trotsky episode or the whole Stella affair, especially in the earlier stages. And a few of the characters are stereotypes, for example, Stella again. In fact, it is hard to see how she got into the book at all except by auctorial fiat, and I am completely baffled to know what the author thought he was doing with her, a sort of vagrant from some literary province lying north- northeast of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Furthermore, several critics have already said that the character of Augie himself is somewhat shadowy. This, I think, is true, and I think I know the reason: it is hard to give substance to a character who has no commitments, and by definition Augie is the man with no commitments. This fact is a consequence of Bellow's basic conception, but wouldn't the very conception have been stronger if Augie had been given the capacity for deeper commitments, for more joy and sorrow? He might, at least, have tried the adventurer's experiment in those things? That is, the character tends now to be static, and the lesson that Augie has learned in the end is not much different from the intuition with which he started out. He has merely learned to phrase it. There is one important reservation which, however, I should make in my criticism of Augie. His very style is a powerful device of characterization. It does give us a temper, a texture of mind, a perspective of feeling, and it is, by and large, carried off with a grand air. Which leads me to the last observation that the chief release Saul Bellow has found in this book may be the release of a style, for he has found, when he is at his best, humor and eloquence to add to his former virtues.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY

by A. T. Mollegen

REINHOLD NEIBUHR has given us eleven brilliant essays on "political, social, ethical and theological themes." "Christian Realism," his name for his point of view, exposes the illusions of World Government plans and describes our real international situation in terms of a sober reading of human history. It searches out the deep causes of the malignancy of Communism. It throws light on the relationship of democracy to Christianity and secularism. Niebuhr also pleads for an American political conservatism which has some of the wisdom of Churchill and less of the early liberal *laissez faire* dogmatism of free enterprise theorists. The physiocratic theory which underlies the ideology of the latter easily becomes a tool for special class interests. The author also puts his own political position in a profound and humble context, refusing to identify it as Christian in any other sense than that it is the view of one for whom Christianity conditions his political analyses and judgments.

CHRISTIAN REALISM AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS, by Reinhold Niebuhr (Scribners; $3).

Roman Catholic and Protestant theologians, European socialism, current philosophical and sociological theories pass under review and are sifted and judged. Niebuhr's method is dialectical, his tone critical but irenic, his point of view Protestant neo-orthodox. His political wisdom stems from wide reading, deep insight and real involvement in the problems of our age. But this worldly wisdom recognizes its limits and is ultimately humble because it is set within the dimension of a version of the Christian faith which many Western intellectuals have found to be the road to Christian Baptism. Many more could accept it if they were to take the trouble to find out what it is. If the latter would seriously read the essays, "Augustine's Political Realism," "Coherence, Incoherence and Christian Faith" and "Love and Law in Protestantism and Catholicism," they might begin a new orientation to the modern world which would not do violence to their intellectual integrity, their allegiance to the scientific method or their commitment to Western humanism. On the whole Niebuhr is militantly but not apopletically anti-Communist, opposed to every form of reactionary thought and policy, generally for Roosevelt-Truman-Acheson foreign policy, critically appreciative of European socialism but basically pragmatic and non-ideologically humanitarian.

The remarkable thing about reading Niebuhr, clear in this as well as former volumes, is that one's thought is illumined and purified by the conversation in which he engages one. This is why he can be read with profit by anyone who is openly intelligent whether he is liberal or conservative (politically or theologically speaking), Christian or non-Christian, academician or practical man. The reader, however, must be prepared to do friendly battle with an incisive mind which is grounded in a position which is fresh yet ancient, polemical yet not offensive, profound yet intelligible.

Communism as Niebuhr unveils it is not simply a corruption of Marxism but an inevitable result of Marx's defective and illusory world-view. Least of all is the evil of Communism something with which our abhorrence has clothed it. Nor is it merely Russian imperialism with a modern face. Marxist philosophy and political theory had no protection against the monopoly of power, economic and political, which is too great for men to possess without corruption. Class monopoly of power degenerates into party monopoly, then into oligarchical monopoly, and finally into the dictatorship of a single tyrant. When an oligarch loses his place in the hierarchy (Trotsky or Beria), he is absolutely powerless even to maintain his life. Part of the Marxist illusion is that economic power resides exclusively in private ownership of property and that injustice arises chiefly out of economic power. Even this, however, does not explain the full nature of Communist evil. The utopian illusion, including the perfectibility of man and the drive of history toward a universal actualization of justice, gives

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Communism its fanatical religious character as well as its attraction for those who have the utopian hopes which are engendered by modern secularism. At the root of Marxian ideology is the historical crisis, the revolution, by which man is transmuted from sinful creature to sinless creator of his history and destiny. Communist man is the god who failed, that is, an idol.

Similar illusions obtain in Western secularism, outside of Communism. *Secularism* means this-worldliness. The secular is good and knowledge of it is good if the world is seen and experienced as within the limits of God's sovereignty. Otherwise it makes pretensions which distort and destroy it. Secular*ism* is the secular, guilty of pretensions. But non-Communist secularism is radically different in that it has maintained an allegiance to criticism and freedom, criticism in the light of experience and freedom which makes it responsible to the democratic processes and structures of the free world. Failure to make this distinction leads reactionaries, political and religious, into a too simple logic that fears all politically contrived balances of political and economic power as leading inexorably to dictatorship. The New Deal, the Fair Deal and all socialism are regarded as but preparatory stages of Communism. Such over-simplication combined with eighteenth century physiocratic error leaves us with the historical consequences of its irresponsibility and plays into the hands of totalitarianism.

From this it may be seen why Niebuhr calls all modern world views into serious self-examination from his Christian viewpoint. Especially important is our understanding of men. This self-examination cannot be done by empirical scientific studies although, of course, it cannot be done without such observation. Empirical studies of man, society and history always presuppose value judgments which they cannot finally refute or confirm. "We cannot criticize these total schemes of meaning scientifically, for every scientific procedure presupposes them." In other words, every individual and political program lives by a faith-interpretation of facts which are selected and investigated from the perspective of the faith. Once this is recognized by modern man, his own value-judgments are relativized and dissociated from the sanction of scientific factuality and demonstrability. Thus deabsolutized he may be open to a real encounter with God.

THE SELF AGAINST THE SKY

by Delmore Schwartz

MOST POETS publish too many poems. Consequently their collected volumes are disorderly, overgrown parks in which the reader is lost and masterpieces are obscured by volubility and prolixity. This is certainly true of Wordsworth, as it is true of Browning, and to a lesser extent true of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Swinburne,

COLLECTED POEMS, by Conrad Aiken (Oxford, $10.50)

and Robinson, among others. The real difficulty is that it is necessary, often, to write a great deal in order to write a few good poems, and the poet has no certain way of knowing whether he is about to write a good or bad poem.

But then, at the other extreme, there are some poets—and this volume shows that Aiken is one of them—who reach their full meaning and being only when they write a great deal and are read in bulk. Hardy is perhaps the best example. In a literal sense his work would not exist if he had not written more than a thousand pages of lyric poems; if, indeed, he had not written a great many poems which are in themselves weak, poor, or defective, but give his work a rich completeness which no single poem contains. And the complication is increased by the deception of the anthology: the jewels of anthologies invariably misrepresent poets like Hardy and Aiken, just as they sustain the vulgar, natural tendency to regard poetry as consisting of purple passages, isolated eloquence, and excited language.

Hence this volume of collected poems, which contains the work of forty years, is valuable in that it helps to remove such obstructions as anthological habitation, the false lights of literary fashion, and the complex, contradictory impressions which accumulate during a long and complex poetic career. But far more important than that, the inclusive character of the volume makes possible a new experience of all of Aiken's work. Poems which at first seemed unimportant in themselves gain a new and profound meaning as phases and stages of a long progress and pilgrimage. And other poems, which seemed when they appeared separately to be only charming and delightful lyrics, exist now in a new light, possessing an underlying seriousness which was not at first apparent

The progress and pilgrimage begins and ends with the situation of modern man, the situation of the modern ego naked and alone in the midst of a cosmos which may be as meaningless as it is enormous, or which may have a hidden meaning, but which certainly makes every hope and belief subject to the torment of doubt. This sense of existence arose with the overwhelming triumph of physical science; it haunted and obsessed the poetry of the nineteenth century (which is the reason that Arnold's "Dover Beach" is the most representative poem of the century); and it presents itself less directly in most modern poetry only because it has been taken for granted: there is no longer a conflict between the world pictures of religion and of science because the religious image of the world has long since ceased to be a literal and *visual* part of consciousness.

Where other modern poets take the modern image of the cosmos as, at most, a point of departure, or a background irrelevant to human concerns and values, in Aiken's work it is always present as an inevitable awareness, as a kind of cold night which surrounds all things, like the sky itself. Whatever the subject, object, or emotion of the poem, it is framed within this awareness: everything may be a dream, hallucination, illusion, or delusion, as everything is subject to time, nature, and death. The self is hidden from the self by the very nature of the self, as it is removed from true certainty about love, knowledge, nature, and society. The mind and every object of the mind exist within an inexhaustible mystery and abyss:

> Then came I to the shoreless shore of silence
> Where never summer was, nor shade of tree,
> Nor sound of water, nor sweet light of the sun,
> But only nothing and the shore of nothing,
> Above, below, around, and in my heart.

But no matter how great the darkness, one cannot live by darkness. One must confront the darkness of existence—the silence of the stars, the depths of the atom, the gulf between each conscious being—with all the attitudes which the

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imagination makes possible. This is the essential center of Aiken's poetry. It has often been admired for the wrong reasons or misunderstood because it is a veritable fountain of attitudes toward existence as a whole. He is a metaphysical poet in the old sense of metaphysical which has virtually nothing to do with the metaphors of John Donne. The wind does not merely blow; "the wind blows from Arcturus"; a human being cannot be seen within a narrative or dramatic framework, but ". . . it was there, at eight o'clock, I saw/ Vivien and the infinite together."

The universe of the Milky Way and of the atom is the context within which any particular thing must be perceived. Within this cosmic perspective, all particulars are subordinated, and reduced to scale, a necessary virtue which makes the surface of the poetry seem to the careless reader at once too rhetorical and too bare. This superficial reading is encouraged by the wonderful musical quality which Aiken's poetry has always possessed, and it persists only because the symbolic and emotional function of every statement is not perceived, and the underlying attitudes are not grasped.

These attitudes can hardly be formulated exactly into intellectual abstractions. They resist prose formulation, and naturally, since they achieve actuality only through the concreteness of rhythm and tone. Their variety and their uniqueness also evade the platitude of the formula, which is a way of saying again that only a reading of this collected volume will show how important a poet Aiken is. What is possible is an approximation of the scope and span of attitude. At one extreme there is the child and the angel, "the simple voice that says . . . Here is a letter from the other world,/Here is news from the land of the everlasting." At the other extreme there is the celebration and praise of Lazarus, of one who has walked in the valley of the shadow, and returned, joyous and triumphant, to say: "Give us this day our daily death that we/May learn to live." Moving through the phases between these two extremes, there is always a sense of "the causeless melancholy of the rain," "the cold treble" of the piano, the sound of "a surf of leaves when the wind blows." And the hard-earned affirmation with which the poet most often concludes is a declaration of the godhead of the self, agonized and miraculous.

IN THE AUSTEN VEIN

MRS. TAYLOR has, I remember, been called by some one the poor man's Virginia Woolf. She has learned something from Virginia Woolf—mainly Mrs. Woolf's ironic way of handling interior monologue—but they are not really very alike, so that the comparison is not only unkind to Mrs. Taylor; it is inaccurate.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, by Elizabeth Taylor (Viking; $3).

It would perhaps be fairer to say that she is the modern man's Jane Austen. She is not, of course, that good and I do not mean to injure her by praising her foolishly. But she is that kind of novelist. She is, that is, scrupulously careful about staying within her limits, which she understands very well.

Within those limits she can count on her touch and can thus afford risks few novelists dare take—such as the risk of making a foolish woman wise, even tragically wise, in her way; "I never endangered anyone's marriage," says Isabelle. "Wives *like* me." Mrs. Taylor's limits—those of the domestic and everyday life of the British middle class—are the limits of her full understanding. There is a world of difference between this kind of limitation of subject matter and the kind consciously adopted by novelists who have read "Mr. Bennet and Mrs. Brown" or a James preface.

Like Jane Austen—and unlike Virginia Woolf—she has a strong sense of character and action; *The Sleeping Beauty* is a solid, articulate pattern of nicely contrasted and very sharply observed people. It is a world, and a complete one. When the crisis is reached in the relation of the lovers in the book, the heroine says: "It will be forever like living at the edge of a volcano." Her husband replies, "Our lives are that nowadays, no matter how we behave." "Oh, bombs!" she says in a contemptuous voice. "They are hardly to the point." And truly they are not, any more than the Napoleonic Wars were to the point in Jane Austen's novels.

Like Jane Austen, too, Mrs. Taylor is equally good at summarizing a character or letting him speak for himself. For example, she will observe of a middle-aged mother: "He had seen too many mothers like her . . . to wonder how she had ever come to have a child. He took that miracle for granted, supposing that everyone has his informal moments." Or she will let a middle-class hostess speak for herself:

> "How nice!" Isabelle said. "We will all have a little drink. I feel rather gay tonight. I can't think why, but I expect because the boys are here. This doesn't look very nice whisky—so much tartan all over the label. Oh, I always wanted two sons, and a daughter too; but after Laurie there was all that bother with my Fallopian tubes, what ever they may be. I am so sorry there's no soda water."

Because these people are observed with such minute justice, we see their relations—of temperament, of intelligence, of class—alive and in action. We see the British housewife working along in the kitchen with her cook and saying "benignly" and brightly, "And how's Labour getting on, Mrs. D.?" We see the son of an M. P. who has gone straight from school into the army as a private falling in love with a nursemaid. She doesn't like it that he is not an officer, and he, angry at her social ambition, says, "If you are to go so far in life as you indicate, you must learn not to say 'anythink'."

There is more understanding of the terrible and comic process by which England is adjusting to her post-war life in this than in a gross of *Time* articles on the subject.

This is Mrs. Taylor's fifth novel; of those I have read—not all of them—each is a little better than the previous one. She is not yet a great novelist and may well never become one; but she is a very genuine writer, of a very good kind. In a time of amateurism and pretentiousness this is something to thank God on.

ARTHUR MIZENER

Notes on the Critics

E. E. CUMMINGS, MARIANNE MOORE and JOHN CROWE RANSOM each won Bolligen poetry awards. HERBERT READ is giving the Norton lectures at Harvard this year. ROBERT PENN WARREN'S new book is *Brother to Dragons.* JOHN BERRYMAN'S latest book is on Stephen Crane. JUSTICE DOUGLAS' latest book is *North From The Himalayas;* and ARTHUR MIZENER'S is *The Far Side of Paradise.* RICHARD EBERHART will publish a new book of poems this winter. R. K. KAPUR is educational attaché of the Embassy of India. K. S. LATOURETTE is Sterling Professor Emeritus at Yale. A. T. MOLLEGEN teaches at Virginia Theological Seminary. DELMORE SCHWARTZ is poet-critic and editor.

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UNITED NATIONS AT WORK

THIS IS AN excellent handbook on the United Nations, the best I know. It not only answers 101 questions about the organization; it takes the reader on a tour of UN-ville—the site and the place of business—and describes the manifold functions that are performed, the management of the buildings (including the elevator service and the guards), the handling of the debates and their immediate translation into several languages, and the manner in which the secretariat operates. The appendix contains the basic documents—the Charter, the statute of the International Court of Justice, and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. There are also a chart showing the various organs of the United Nations and a key to its many alphabetical agencies.

U N: TODAY AND TOMORROW by Eleanor Roosevelt and William DeWitt (Harpers; $3).

There is of course an account of the political trials and tribulations of the Security Council and the General Assembly. That historical account is stated in a rather summary and objective manner. That is the phase of the United Nations that the public takes notice of in the daily press—the charges and counter-charges, the maneuvering of delegates, the shrill voice of dissenters, the manipulations of international blocs, the grandstand plays of the actors, and the like. But the book treats this phase of the UN in proper proportion. The UN *is* an important forum for argument, debate, and the exposure of conditions around the world. The UN performs an important function in providing a place where voices from around the world may be heard. And in spite of all that has been criticized, the achievements of the Security Council and the General Assembly in handling explosive problems have been considerable.

But the UN is more—much more—than the headlines suggest. The United Nations is an international community of experts and technicians—a devoted group, an elite group, a group of men and women dedicated to the cause of peace. The UN Nobody Knows—the ten specialized agencies—deals with problems of health, food production, children, education, labor, industrialization, aviation, and even with problems of the weather. I have come across representatives of these agencies in the farthest reaches of the world. Their standards are high, their devotion true, their skills excellent. The book gives a good account of their undertakings.

The book puts the United Nations in perspective. It shows the staff at work, their dreams, their plans. It brings the significance of the United Nations home. It tells simply but beautifully why the United Nations carries the hopes of millions for peace on earth, goodwill among men. Those who harp on the UN's weaknesses have grown in numbers in recent years. The book will bring perspective to them. Of course the UN is not perfect. Of course it suffers from weaknesses. But the weaknesses are to be bolstered by understanding, sympathy, and support. The good it does is great. It is not a parliament of the world; but it is a forum where the voice of all peoples can be heard, an organization that can help bring hope to the desolate places in the world.

This is my plea, not the book's. The book pleads no case. It merely presents in highly readable form the work of the UN. It is a book which should be in every school library in the land.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

CRUCIAL CONTROVERSY

IN THIS substantial volume the author of *The Road to Pearl Harbor* has again put his fellow-countrymen in his debt. In it he has carried further a large and important segment of the story to which his earlier work was an introduction. In doing so he has produced a book which to date is the best account that we have of the period and subject with which he deals. It will long have to be consulted by all who deal in a serious way with World War II in the Far East.

THE CHINA TANGLE, by Herbert Feis (Princeton; $6).

The book is important partly because it has to do with a time and a set of topics which are both crucial and controversial. They are crucial because they are a prelude to the greatest defeat which the United States has ever suffered—the triumph of Communism in China and the consequent enrolling as an enemy of that great land, a land on which the United States had counted as its major friend in the Far East and on behalf of which it had pursued the course which brought it to Pearl Harbor and to enormous expenditures of life and treasure. They are controversial because in seeking for the causes of that defeat Americans have not been able to agree and have differed hotly in attempting to locate responsibility for it.

In preparation for his task Dr. Feis had an excellent academic training and varied experience in the service of the Government of the United States. He has also an enviable record as an author of dependable studies. Armed with that training, experience, and skill, he has given himself to diligent research in the sources. He seems to have gone through with great thoroughness the voluminous pertinent material which has appeared in print. He also has had access to unpublished manuscripts which are of first class importance. He has talked with several of the Americans who had leading roles in the events which he records.

In all this he has sought, and with remarkable success, to be objective and to present the facts in such fashion as to let them be their own commentators. Again and again he cuts through a mass of detail by pointing out the possible alternatives and the conflicting proposals for solving the perplexing and difficult problems with which the situation confronted the United States.

As is proper, much space is devoted to the military aspects of the story. We are reminded that President Roosevelt and his advisers accorded priority to the defeat of the enemy in Europe and that much less aid was sent to China than Chiang Kai-shek asked, and, indeed, that more than once we did not give as much as we promised. The conflicting plans for the recovery of Burma are noted. The relations between Stilwell and Chiang are narrated with restraint and yet without dodging major facts. The differences of strategy between Stilwell and Chennault are described.

The story of American efforts to bring the Nationalists and Communists into harmonious co-operation in resistance to Japan is recounted. It is made clear that few Americans, whether in the armed forces, in the diplomatic service, or among the newspaper correspondents, had an adequate acquaintance with the writings of Communists, including the Chinese Communists. The prevailing opinion among Americans in China, including Hurley, was that the Yenan leaders were not really Communists but were merely agrarian reformers. In this

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they were reinforced by emphatic statements by Stalin to Wallace and Hurley and seconded by Molotov that the Kremlin did not regard Mao Tze-tung and those associated with him as true Communists and that it believed that for the defeat of Japan reliance must be placed on Chiang rather than on Yenan. The author does not attempt to say whether Stalin and Molotov were sincere or were deliberately trying to deceive. Chiang Kai-shek, with his profound distrust of the Communists and his insistence that aid to them would help them to win all China, proved a much more reliable analyst than did most Americans. Feis makes clear the lack of agreement on procedures among the various American agencies which dealt with China and notes that in crucial issues it was President Roosevelt, often advised by Hopkins, rather than the State Department who made the decisions.

Yalta and what preceded and followed it rightly command much of the author's attention. He points out that the Yalta Agreement was not sudden but that back of it were preliminary negotiations and Roosevelt's conviction that Russia was entitled to an ice free port and that this meant a port in Manchuria. The fact is brought out that Roosevelt refused to grant all that Stalin wished and that the text of the Agreement as finally formulated lent itself to different interpretations, that given by the United States and that acted on by Russia.

Few who are familiar with the story will quarrel with the conclusions which are the thesis of the book that the war in the Pacific ended abruptly before our effort in behalf of China reached its planned fullness. That effort, according to Feis, was bent to four connected ends: "to uphold the Chinese people in the war against the common enemy; to restore China as a whole and independent country; to secure for China a place of great authority among the nations; and to bring to an end the grave social struggle among the Chinese people." The China we strove to create—a free, strong, democratic, and friendly nation—would be, we conceived, a needed partner in assuring peace and security for all in the Far East. Such were our purposes and program. Events have shown that there were flaws in them, as well as errors of decision in our attempt to make them effective. Then they were finally frustrated by the divisions within the Chinese people, by the revolutionary assault of Communism. In that civil war, American diplomacy and military planning got entangled, stumbled; and we failed in our attempt to shape the vast country of China into the image of our desires.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Feis will pursue the story further and in this same admirable manner carry it at least to the Chinese Communist intervention in Korea and to the armistice.

KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

MATTER AND MANNER

THIS IS, I believe, the most original and best book on its subject since *The Double Agent* and *Primitivism and Decadence* by R. P. Blackmur. Since the other ablest American critic of modern poetry in the generation now about forty, Delmore Schwartz, has not collected his essays,

POETRY AND THE AGE, by Randall Jarrell (Knopf; $4).

we may be specially glad that Jarrell has begun to, and the book is overdue. It does not, indeed, contain his most plunging criticism so far, which will be found in his articles and reviews and lectures on Auden, whose mind Jarrell understands better than anyone ought to be allowed to understand anyone else's, especially anyone so pleasant and destructive as Jarrell; these will make another volume. But it exhibits fully the qualities that made Jarrell the most powerful reviewer of poetry active in this country for the last decade; and in its chief triumphs, the second essay on Frost and the first review of Lowell (I mean the first of the two here preserved) it exhibits more.

William Empson I suppose was Jarrell's master. An early piece on Housman, not reprinted, seems to prove this, and there are several handsome references here. His prose is not so manly as Empson's; it giggles on occasion, and nervous over-emphasis abounds; but it sounds always like a human being talking to somebody—differing in this from nine-tenths of what other working American critics manufacture. It is cruel and amusing, undeniably well known for these qualities, which it developed so far beyond Empson's traces that that critic presents in comparison an icon of deadpan charity. But what really matter in Jarrell are a rare attention, devotion to and respect for poetry. These, with a natural taste in poetry hardly inferior to Tate's, restless incessant self-training, strong general intelligence, make up an equipment that would seem to be minimal but in fact is unique.

The second essay on Frost is nothing much but thirty pages of quoted poems and passages, with detailed comment. To see how astonishing it is, you ought first to read through a pallid assemblage called *Recognition of Robert Frost*, to the authors of which (except Edward Garnett and Mark Van Doren) the Frost that Jarrell displays would be a horrifying stranger. Perhaps nothing of this vivid sort has ever surpassed the page on "Provide Provide," unless it is the pages following on "Design."

Lord Weary's Castle was one of the stiffest books to review that has ever appeared. I have reason to know: Jarrell's was not only superior—far—to my own attempt: it is probably the most masterly initial review of an important poetic work, either here or in England,

"I got mad"
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of this century so far. You have to compare it with wider-ranging reviews, like Eliot's of Grierson, or Dr. Johnson's of Soame Jenyns to feel its narrower but harder learning, its similar but submissive strength.

The studies of Ransom, Stevens, Marianne Moore (again especially the second piece on her), more conventional than those on Frost and Lowell, are nearly as good. A fine citation of Whitman, wittier even than usual, seems better now under a new, more modest title than it did originally, because it does not examine, as Jarrell usually does, substance or method or (save for a few remarks) style. This attention equally in him to matter and manner constitutes a development from what is called the New Criticism.

His general essays, on Obscurity and the Age of Criticism, which strike me as diffuse and making points rather familiar, will undoubtedly help many readers. At least the points made are right. A salient truth about Jarrell, for the present reader, is that he is seldom wrong. About William Carlos Williams' poetry, some of which I love too, he does, I think, exaggerate, and these papers are his weakest; even here he says much that is true, gay, and useful. One of his shrewdest, most characteristic remarks is apropos of a poet one might suppose he would not appreciate at all, the author of the beautiful "Song of the Mad Prince": "It is easy to complain that de la Mare writes about unreality; but how *can* anybody write about unreality?" One cannot but remark the healthy breadth of Jarrell's taste. Behind the writers here treated, perhaps his strongest obvious admirations are for Hardy, Rilke, and of course Eliot, and I hope he will treat them; and Proust, and I wish he dealt more with prose.

On the other hand, his neglect to theorize about poetry, and to theorize above all about criticism, is one of the most agreeable features of a prepossessing and engaging book. Criticism of criticism—at best a languid affair, as Irving Babbitt observed in the preface to one of his books about criticism—is probably best left to very young men and older men. The point is to deal with the stuff itself, and Jarrell does, nobody better. Everybody interested in modern poetry ought to be grateful to him.

JOHN BERRYMAN

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THE OTHER INDIA

OF ALL the curious assignments which well-known English men of letters have held in India and this includes Charles Lamb, who worked at the India House for thirty-three years, and Rudyard Kipling, who was a sub-editor in an Indian newspaper, surely none was quainter than the private secretaryship of a highly intelligent but incalculable Maharaja whose small principality was located in Central India. E. M. Forster held this assignment for a period of six months and *The Hill of Devi* is an account of his experience in this capacity.

THE HILL OF DEVI, by E. M. Forster (Harcourt Brace; $4).

Forster first visited the "Gilbert and Sullivan" State of Dewas Senior (there was a Junior branch of the family which ruled across the street in the same capital, the royal flagstaff belonging to both of them, "upper half to one, lower half to the other and the flag flying half-mast to be neutral") in 1912-13 and again in 1921 and on both these occasions he wrote long, descriptive letters, mostly to his mother. These, together with an explanatory essay on the State and its Ruler and a final chapter narrating the catastrophe which overwhelmed the Maharaja make up the book.

For a young man with Forster's keen eye for detail and a sly sense of humor, it was inevitable that the customs and ritual of India should furnish matter for "suburban jokes," but he has tried to correct this impression by editing the material and by interposing between letters, connecting links of factual detail and mature reflection. This gives the book a sense of movement which is further strengthened as this "vanished civilization" contrasts oddly with the historical reality of India today.

The Maharaja gave Forster all kinds of work to do—all but the literary. He was supposed to look after gardens, tennis courts, motor cars (which were constantly breaking down, not least because of sabotaging chauffeurs), guest house, electric house. In addition, he had to assist at marriage parties and religious ceremonies and when the Political Agents of the Viceroy visited the State. On ceremonious occasions he dressed in Indian clothes ("I thought I looked a perfect ass—was much admired"), and he learned the practice of squatting on the floor to dine on Indian food, in Indian style.

The inefficiency of the ruler and the all-round slovenliness of this none-too-well administered State, however, tired him before long and his initial enthusiasm gives place to despair, both at the fatuities of a dying culture and the insults heaped upon it by an unimaginative and insensitive Imperialism. He is starved by the absence of beauty in his surroundings ("Dewas will look like the Euston Road"); there is no art or literature to interest him and music seems more a great achievement of the past than a living tradition of today. He comes back from a religious procession to wash his face, "drink sherry, eat sardines, sausages, and stewed fruit" and reel to his bed.

The Hill of Devi is full of delicious accounts of what have come to be known as the Thermopylisms of the Indians (Aldous Huxley's coinage from the Edward Lear rhyme about the Old Man of Thermopylae, who never did anything properly). In Dewas things hardly ever happen on time, cars depart without taking their assigned passengers,

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bathroom cupboards are crammed with teapots, squirrels live in pianos, tortoises sport in water-works and, occasionally, bulls stray into bedroom at night.

Forster left India in despair, for not only did he achieve nothing at Dewas; he could not even work on *A Passage to India* which he had begun before 1921 and which he hoped to complete in the country of its inspiration. Almost echoing Wordsworth, he observes that "the gap between India remembered and India experienced was too wide" and he could not write until he returned to England, and the gulf narrowed. *The Hill of Devi,* however, clearly shows that his stay in India in 1921 was not in vain. Not only are several characters in *A Passage* based upon persons whom we meet in these letters; the entire third part of *A Passage* has been written round Forster's experience of the festivities connected with the *Birth of Krishna* which he witnessed at Dewas and which are described in his letters in such a flippant, irreligious and mocking vein. Forster's thrill at the advent of the monsoon, so vividly conveyed in the letters, again comes up at some length in Book III of *A Passage.* The ecstasies of Godbole are paralleled by the Dewas ruler; the good Aziz owes not a little to Forster's friend Ross Masood; the unjust charges that were trumped up against the Ruler of Dewas are sympathetically described in the chapter called "a catastrophe"; the Political Agents, Mau and its ruined palace, the Guest House, the descriptions of Chattigarh, even the original for the "ghost" episode in *A Passage* are all found in *The Hill of Devi.* In this sense, it is an important publication for the students of Forster's work.

In both these books, Indians have charm but little dignity and the English delight in being ignorant, insensitive and rude. *A Passage* suggests that because of their undeveloped heart the English were bound to lose India; as Aziz puts it to Fielding, "We shall drive every blasted Englishman into the sea and then you and I shall be friends." The Ruler of Dewas was a poor administrator as compared with the English but he had keen imagination and great warmth of heart. That is why in spite of the muddle he created, Forster thinks that he was a genius for he was "never deaf to the promptings which most of us scarcely hear."

R. K. KAPUR

IN THE BLUE DEPTH

THE MONUMENT ROSE, by Jean Garrigue (Noonday; $3).

As WHEN in the wheelhouse of the Onawa one elects the north west passage to great San Juan Island, heading through discreet passages to Friday Harbor, and consults the chart with intent to leave a Red Light on our left and turns on automatic compass as one makes headway, and trusting to slither through Deception Pass, feeling the roil of waters on the flanks, the dangerous turbulence, forgetting for the time the trials of navigators from Vancouver's time, happy to have the tide as aid from stern, so one looks to the chart of female poets of this century, not forgetting historical markers of previous days, and, as one steers the long cruise through beautiful islands of the mind,. putting over a boat perchance in a blue bay to scout out a land of humming-birds; so one studies the marked headlands of creative effort, and chooses a course where it is deep.

Deeps to the eye are not deeps to the chart, for, as the eye divines a blue-green vastness of fair water ahead and, if sense were trusted, would turn the ship straight across a broad bent, nevertheless intelligence directs the eye to the knowledge of the chart-maker, accepting to turn from false fathoms which would wreck him were his eyes trusted, to the usable deeps, as known, in this vast expanse of water surrounding the beautiful sky-buoyed North West Islands.

Thus one approaches female poets, as a voyage of wondrous potentiality, for as they are fair, so they are a voyage in blue depth with green islands of resinous cedar and scent of the myrtle. So they are perilous if erroneously approached; so do they yield riches to the senses of the true mariner, if their secrets are observed and respected so that they may be fully savored.

There is a restraint on the sea, a withholding of total expense of being, lest the latent power of the waters extend one in emergency. We stand ready, but do not wish reproof. We ride upon the sea of poetry in the same way, in a system of tensions, able to be free, as on a voyage of delicate and strong enchantment among enticing prospects, soul-satisfying progressions, a charged complexity of enjoyment.

The new poetry of Jean Garrigue is such a sea and such an enchantment, a voyage of hers in perfections and balances of self-saying, in waters clean and lithe that give us vigorous joy to ride their new-found, fresh-seen metaphors, and feel that honest dance of mind and heart of hers, in its cool, free play, and deep sincerity.

"Dialogue a Quatre" is of such elegance and such perfection that it sits upon the page as if it might be three hundred years old or more, out of Spenser maybe, something timeless. "Song for a Marriage" and "Address to the Migrations" are Garrigue-true too. Other poems have statements somewhat in the manner of her anthologized pieces. Her overtones are of Hopkins and Thomas. The last line of "Song for a Marriage," "That strike of the moon's white side down Babylon" brings Crane to life again. And if on our voyage of her fine individuality and wit-inducement our eyes are struck by virid, embased, enshaped, swound, aestival, orgulous, Florilegium, Arcana coelestia, it is the sun-diamond glitter on the sea.

RICHARD EBERHART

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From Our Readers

► Do We Have Poor Teachers?

In your issue of October 5, four readers made reply to Miss I. Peggy Moses' September 14 editorial in which she offered her explanation of "why we have poor teachers." While these replies dealt with some major points in the argument, it seems that teacher education, which was Miss Moses' chief target, was not adequately treated. The fact that we have had some rather severe criticism of teacher education in this country, some much less friendly and reasoned than that in the editorial in question, is evidence of an encouraging interest in this important function in our society but it is also a reflection of great unawareness of exciting developments in the preparation of teachers in the last 20 years. It seems only fair to supply a few facts on this progress.

One index of improvement is the increase in length of preparation for teaching. In 1933 only 10.2 percent of the teachers in all elementary schools had four years of college preparation. A report of the National Education Association of 1953 shows that 25 states now require the bachelor's degree for the lowest regular teacher certificate, an increase of eight states just in the last two years. More than that, five additional states have set deadlines anywhere from 1955 to 1961 for this degree requirement.

But much more important than improvements which can be described in quantitative terms is the increase in the quality of the education offered the prospective teacher. Some of the developments since the comprehensive national survey of teacher education in 1933 are these:

(1) With the introduction of a four-year program of teacher education it has been possible to add two years of general (liberal arts) education to the former two-year program which had to be divided between general education and special professional preparation.

(2) As a result of job analyses and evaluation of former programs of professional preparation, earlier sequences of methods courses dating from normal school days have been replaced by highly selected, functional, and integrated experiences needed by teachers-to-be. The development of practical judgment in ongoing teaching situations as well as the development of steady, balanced personalities are essential goals in such a program. This is in addition to the knowledge of subject matter which everyone agrees is important for the teacher to have.

(3) In 1947 the accrediting association for teacher preparing institutions had a quantitative basis for judging programs of teacher education. Now in 1953 the entire emphasis is on quality of experience with the standards so stated that institutions are guided toward maximum efforts to produce well-qualified teachers.

(4) Only a few years ago the program of teacher education was determined by a few professional educators in the colleges. Now laymen in other professions as well as classroom teachers and those administrative and supervisory officers working with them on the job make suggestions for improving teacher preparation, through representation on state councils and the National Commission on Teacher Education sponsored by the National Education Association.

Miss Moses believes that an excessive proportion of the program of teacher education is devoted to methods courses, particularly in the preparation of high-school teachers. The facts are that in 22 states the certification requirements are such that only 15 percent of the total program is assigned to professional preparation. In this small portion of the program the future teacher must develop a philosophy of education to guide him in his decisions as he works with young people, must acquire knowledge of how young people in our society mature and learn, must become acquainted with methods and materials for use in the classroom, and must engage in practice teaching corresponding to the internship of the medical student. Even in the state with the highest requirement the percentage of the total program granted to professional preparation is only 22.5. All of the rest goes to general education of a liberal arts type with specialization in one or two subjects which the prospective high-school teacher will teach.

The problem for the educator of teachers is how to use this limited time well. Not all who can read can teach a child to read. Not all who are at home with algebra or history or physics know how to help a *group* of adolescents with their varied interests and capacities develop the same kind of at-homeness in these subjects. And the teacher's job does not stop with helping young people to know; he must help them to feel right about themselves and other people and to use their knowledge to make a better life for all. Teacher educators have a large responsibility beyond helping future teachers to know their subjects.

Miss Moses professes great concern over the teacher shortage. She could hardly have chosen a better way to discourage young people from entering the profession than she did. Equally as powerful as a reasonable salary scale in inviting young people to take up teaching is the prestige factor. Miss Moses has done all she could to wipe out any feeling that one might be proud to be a teacher, that one would thus be working side by side with other professionally educated and competent individuals. She makes it appear that the quality of teacher education and of teachers is constantly being lowered. This just is not true.

MARGARET LINDSEY AND ALICE MIEL
Columbia Teachers College
New York City

Your generosity in giving so much space for those four letters on education is appreciated.

I was reading the one by Edith Sprague Fields while the throngs were on their way to the Minnesota-Michigan game. Broadcasts were describing the crowded conditions of all roads leading to the stadium. Sixty-thousand attended.

I felt from the letter I was reading that the writer placed teaching above pay checks. Then came the thought of the expenditure on that one afternoon and how many a lamp could be filled with midnight oil from the proceeds.

After the tumult and the shouting may come some studying, but certainly also distractions from memories of the past game as well as anticipations of the next.

Put me down as another retired teacher who believes in putting first things first.

St. Paul, Minn. ELLENORA L. HELGESEN

► Lucille Ball

Your rejoicing in the story on Lucille Ball [*NR*, Sept. 28] at the "handling of the case, the exceptional fairness and it's outcome" would indicate that we are at last complacently to accept such goings-on, so long as the accused suffers no financial loss.

Wish you could read the letters to local newspapers, still being published, condemning Lucille Ball, "She must be guilty of something"—"They do not believe her story"—"Maybe she told the truth"—"That grandpa story—bet she never had one."

A well-known attorney and on a TV program, too, surmised that "She perhaps hadn't told all the facts."

(Continued on page 31)

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Bandwagon

Prime Minister Of Ceylon Resigns

Prime Minister Dudley Senanayake resigned today. His retirement was attributed to acute stomach trouble aggravated by political opposition. – *The San Francisco Chronicle, October 13, 1953.*

. . . Dr. Fred W. Rankin of Lexington, Ky., who was installed tonight (as fellow of the American College of Surgeons), urged the young surgeons not to indulge in unethical surgical measures for money while they were trying to build up a practice. . . .

Since the Second World War, Dr. Rankin said, there has been an increase in "avarice and ill-gotten gains" among young surgeons. He said this in part might be traced to the difficulties of establishing a new practice, when a young surgeon must gain the confidence of his community. But he urged the young men to wait, to be patient, and their turn would come." – *By Robert P. Klumb, Special to the New York Times.*

Florida Klan in Open Will Admit All Races, Creeds, Colors, but Segregate Them

The Ku Klux Klan in Florida will discard its secret robes and ritual and open its ranks to "all races, creeds or colors" on a segregated basis, its new leader said today" – *The New York Times, October 13, 1953.*

Warren has never lost an election in more than 30 years of public service. He refused to be considered for the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1944, but ran for Vice-President on the losing ticket with Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York in 1948. – *The Springfield (Mass.) Daily News, September 30, 1953.*

NOTICE: Returns should continue to be mailed to the "District Director of Internal Revenue," Tacoma, Washington, regardless of the fact that the District Internal Revenue Headquarters for the State of Washington and Alaska is located in Seattle, Washington. – *William E. Frank, District Director of Internal Revenue*

President Asks Any Sacrifices For Democracy

None—Including Taxes—Too Great To Keep Freedoms, Eisenhower Tells Boston GOP Dinner.

– *The New York Times, September 23, 1953.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 30)

A favorite quip out here is "I just did it to please my dear old grand-pappy."

And you still forget the small fry without the million dollar background.

The last word from Rep. Donald Jackson, the Congressional investigator who did the sleuthing, was that the case was not closed—"It had not yet been ascertained whether or not she had actually voted or not." Oh, our secret ballot!

Los Angeles, Calif. LILY DALEY

► Progress in Music

After reading Mr. Swift's letter hotly criticizing *NR's* music coverage (October 12), I want on the contrary to register a vote of confidence. In particular, I thought Mr. Evett's two articles entitled "Progress in Music" (August 10 and 17) were fine.

I gladly assume that Reader Swift knows more about music than I do, and for that reason I am surprised that he does not appreciate the sense in which 12-tone composition might be considered more "systematic" or "mathematical" than most other styles of composition. By the term "12-tone composition" I mean tone-row composition—not just free use of the 12 chromatic tones. And does not this very use of tone-rows . . . constitute a system of tone selection which is in many ways more rigorous than most other systems of tone selection?

Rochester, N. Y. DAVID GEPPERT

► The One-Party Press

May I say a few words about the complaint of Mr. Kunstler regarding the refusal of *The Daily Item* of Port Chester to print his and other letters against McCarthy. The same publishers, Westchester Newspapers, which issues *The Daily Item* also gets out my home town paper, *The Daily Argus*. In spite of the fact that it is the most rightist type of Republican newspaper and violently opposed to anything Democratic I must say, in all justice, that it has printed many letters of mine which have been emphatically anti-Republican and anti-McCarthy. . . .

Mt. Vernon, N. Y. ALLEN KLEIN

Correction

An article in our last issue ("The Dimming of Dewey's Halo") inadvertently stated that the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, Paul Troast, had visited Joseph Fay in prison. Mr. Fay, convicted extortionist and exhead of the building operators union, received no such visit. Mr. Troast was merely listed by the New York Department of Parole as one of those who have made a plea to Governor Dewey on Mr. Fay's behalf. – THE EDITORS

To Our Readers

I'd supposed that the Wisconsin Congressional election was the most significant political event in months. But when I opened Hearst's *Milwaukee Sentinel* on the morning after Lester Johnson's victory, I looked for a long time before I found the story, all of nine inches, with a one-column head on the left-hand side of the *Sentinel's* front page.

That night I and Professor Henry Ladd Smith of the University of Wisconsin debated the one-party press. He made a sound defense of the press; I made a joking reference to the *Sentinel*. Its news story the next morning "reported:" "The 'one-party press' had a bad time of it from a one-party forum. . . . Michael Straight, editor of the leftish *New Republic*, did finally agree American newspapers were better than any other but charged most . . . with 'slanting news'." . . . Nonsense, the *Sentinel* added . . . it had given the election "a prominent position on the front page."

I flew on to Dallas for an evening meeting on the threat of atomic attack. There the *Dallas Morning News*, in another "news" story, billed me as "a successor to Henry A. Wallace . . . educated under Harold Laski and John Maynard Keynes . . . a member of Americans for Democratic Action . . . a long-time champion of the social service state, the equalitarian society and world federal government"! I wish I could write such pithy editorials!

There are many good and fair newspapers in Texas—the two papers in Austin for instance, and the *Houston Post*. The *San Antonio Light* is one of the best of the Hearst chain. For the others, the belief is gaining that the people should know only what the publishers want them to know. These men fear not Russia but America; they wish not to extend freedom to Russia but to take it from America. For them the external adversary is secondary; the enemy they fear is within. And thinking of how close our struggle with the external adversary is, I felt like crying, as the Irish woman cried to the English: "Get out and leave us fight in peace." ***M. S.***

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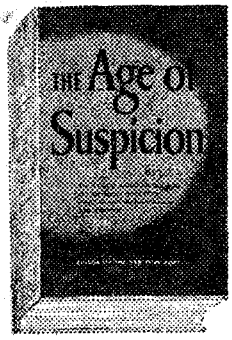

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